

THE ACADEMY

AND

LITERATURE

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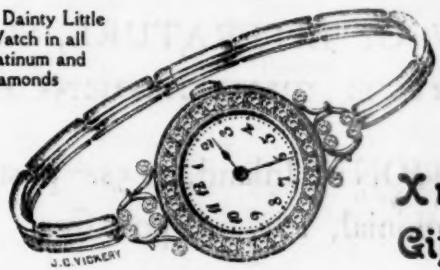
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Notes of the Week

We notice with satisfaction that the Kaiser has refused to deliver the Chancellor's head in accordance with the noisy demand of the majority of the Reichstag. We do not attempt to palliate the conduct of the offending regiment and its officers, who were guilty of stirring up uncalled-for and dangerous strife in Alsace. The only step necessary has, however, been adopted in the removal of this regiment from the province. In view of the speech delivered by Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg on the improved relations between England and Germany, a break in the diplomatic continuity at the present time would be a severe misfortune. It may be true that until naval rivalry ceases no real cordiality can exist between the two empires. But even if that fact be admitted, there is an intermediate stage of much value, whereby over-sensitiveness and needless irritation may disappear. Out of such elements many a war has sprung, and we trust that the Kaiser will maintain his present Chancellor in office, and not fail to take heed of the fatal consequences which followed the abandonment of Strafford by Charles the First.

We read with great pleasure of the castigation of the mountebank Larkin at the Trade Union Congress. We have been none too friendly towards trade unions in the past, but we must congratulate the delegates on the attitude which they adopted towards Larkin and his brother Syndicalists. There is, it is true, room in the world for enthusiasts who carry their opinions to the verge of lunacy. They may actually call the attention of sane people to evils which need a remedy; but, beyond this limit, their usefulness ceases, and responsible persons must meet the evils which have been pointed out and apply remedies which are far removed from those which would be suggested by inmates of Bedlam.

As we imagined would be the case, Mr. Asquith has toed the line, and swallowed the entire land prescription of Mr. Lloyd George. We have known all along that there was no real utility in the Prime Minister making a wry face before assimilating his Chancellor's nauseous formulæ. If Mr. Asquith has one characteristic which is more strongly marked than any other, it is that he is absolutely invertebrate, or, as the late Duke of Argyle used to say, of the genus "jelly-fish." Mr. Lloyd George has a way with him, and he knows his so-called chief through and through. By a judicious mixture of veiled threats in combination with unctuous flattery, he can always lead Mr. Asquith by the nose. It is perfectly obvious that the head of the Government habitually puts his foot down for the purpose of taking it up again. He is in the habit after an interval of fathering Mr. Lloyd George's dubious offsprings. We should like to enter a protest against this practice of the Prime Minister of posing as the putative father of schemes which he abhors. By all means let Mr. Lloyd George himself submit to the making of an affiliation order, and not dispute the parentage of his own unholy progeny with a respectable old gentleman.

The ambition of many people who write, both professionally and otherwise, seems to be to use lengthy words and involved phrases to the greatest extent possible. The journalist is a well-known transgressor of the golden rule of simplicity. Opening our paper one morning this week we noticed the heading, "Fantastic Nomenclature of Football Clubs"; why not "Queer Names of Football Clubs"? But no—the ingenious "sub" must show his ability; if he had not used "Fantastic Nomenclature" he would have chosen "Astonishing Appellations." In the same issue of the paper a correspondent, referring to the girl who is compelled to earn her own living, writes: "It will neither militate against nor will it facilitate her chances." He might have written: "neither hinder nor assist," or "neither injure nor help," with perfect clearness to his readers, even if the words substituted are not precisely synonyms for those which he employed. "Subsequently" for "afterwards"; "his attention was attracted by" for "he noticed" or merely "he saw"; and a hundred other offences against simplicity, may be discovered in any daily paper. There are times when such words and phrases may rightly appear—perhaps to avoid repetition or to convey a shade of meaning; but their constant use tends to spoil the pleasure of the reader and to ruin the art of the writer.

There is hope of a future for THE ACADEMY under its present auspices: the *New Age* is displeased with the matter which has been appearing in this paper. After many discouragements, it is extremely gratifying to receive an unsolicited testimonial of so much value. The only difference between THE ACADEMY and the *New Age* is this: that the latter admits having read THE ACADEMY twice, whereas we only endeavoured, without success, to read the *New Age* once.

Omnipotence

"Quand même—!"

If I am called to fill the spheres of action
Foreseen by early dreams and waiting years,
If to my feet I bring the rebel faction,
With vows, and prayers, and tears,
I will adore the splendid self-reliance,
The matchless strength of that great Power Divine,
Who to the ranks of hell can send defiance,
By such a hand as mine.

And if my life climbs on to death, un-noted,
If deeds grow ripe upon an unseen tree,
If, in the acclaiming chorus thunder-throated,
Not one note rings for me,
My wondering soul shall praise, with pipe and tabor,
The wealth that had no need my store to taste,
The Eternal Power Who of such love and labour
Creates enough to waste.

G. M. HORT.

The Peace of the Ardennes

CÆSAR, for whose commentaries some of us conceived an early dislike that is hard to live down, somewhere remarks that of all the Lowlanders the Belgians are the bravest. This estimate may possibly still hold good of the Flemings, who, with their more Germanic sympathies, may, for aught I know, be fire-eaters; but the Walloons, at any rate, who people the Ardennes, are an eminently pacific race of men and women. Maybe, as beyond the Rhine, the southern provinces are less martial than those farther north. At any rate the present rush for naval supremacy does not seriously trouble the prosperous subjects of King Albert, since Belgium maintains a navy equal in every respect to that of Switzerland.

Peace is the genius of the Ardennes, that barren but picturesque region that stretches down from Dinant and Namur, beloved of artists for its quiet atmosphere of full and sluggish rivers flowing beneath old bridges, and for its rugged heights still thickly wooded—a reminder of the old days when Rhenish bishoprics lay within the frontiers of the famous forest. It was a mighty hunting ground of yore, with St. Hubert for its patron saint. He it was who, though a prelate, naughtily hunted a stag on a Good Friday morning instead of going to church. He suddenly saw a fiery cross blazing between its antlers, and it is hardly surprising to learn that, after so disquieting a vision, he gave up hunting for good and all. Much of this ancient glory of the Ardennes in the annals of venery is a memory of the distant past, but at its zenith it rivalled our own New Forest, and its innermost glades still hide wild boar.

More in evidence nowadays is the gentle art of angling. There is not a reach of the leisurely Meuse but mirrors anchored punts and patient fishers, though their patience is less sorely tried than on some rivers I could

name at home. Anglers also line the bridges of Dinant and Ansereimme, and skilfully they dangle a housefly at the surface of the stream and jerk the silly fishes over the parapet. There are trout also in the Lesse at Ansereimme and in the Semois where it sings through Bouillon, but the natives know little of the artificial fly and bait unashamed with a wriggling worm or buzzing blue bottle. An estimate of the anglers in "little Belgium" should be interesting. The number must be enormous, and the Government profits by exacting from each a two-franc licence. This, however, is the first and last of their liability to the Treasury, and the permit covers every river and every kind of fish for the year.

"Water, water everywhere" is the characteristic feature of Ardennes landscape, and the tourist will recall the context, for the *braves Belges* are by no means teetotallers. Indeed, though seldom quarrelsome, they are apt to grow hilarious in their cups. He who spends his holidays in this region cannot get away from the rivers, and probably has no wish to, since they are a very pleasant running accompaniment in his tour of a not too fertile province.

High rocks, rising unexpectedly from meadow and from woodland, are as typical of this south-eastern section of Belgium as they are of Brittany, and none of them is more striking, with its foreground of silent-flowing water, than the Rocher Bayard, near Dinant. This is one of the landmarks in the thrilling story of that famous war-horse on which three brothers escaped from the pursuing vengeance of Charlemagne, one of the enduring legends of Belgian folklore.

Mention has been made of the little village of Bouillon, a hamlet best described as *mignon*, over which tower the well-preserved ruins of a mediæval chateau, once the home of the valiant Godefroi, overlord of Jerusalem at the time of the First Crusade. He was a mighty captain and seems to have combined prowess in the field with a rare modesty of demeanour. His castle must in its heyday have been a noble pile, and Bouillon itself is chiefly memorable for its own haunting beauty and for the horror of the "light" railway that runs to it from Paliseul.

I would not extol the Ardennes among the playgrounds of Europe beyond the facts of their lying within a summer daylight journey of Charing Cross, and of their certainly being the cheapest tourist resort in Europe. Candour compels the further admission that the fare at most of the hotels is not such as would have lured Brillat-Savarin; but when you get board and lodging for six francs a day, you do not expect a Delmonico menu at each meal. Above all, this is a paradise for those who love walking tours. Hereabout they will find such a wealth of ruined castles and dim grottoes as nowhere else within a like compass. The restless energy of British and American tourists affords curious contrast to the quiet laziness of the natives, whose habits are rather in harmony with the laggard Meuse, and whose dear delight seems to be to sit the livelong day in punts and watch their coloured floats with all the concentration of the contemplative Buddha.

A.

Internationalism in Art and Literature

INTERNATIONALISM has permeated many of our institutions, and we are quite used to considering it in its social, political, and economic aspects, but it becomes yearly more manifest that even language, that most secret repository of the genius of a race, will soon be no longer free from its influence. Music and painting have always been international in one sense, even when in another they have been most national. The language of music differs so little, comparatively speaking, in Europe at any rate, that the idiom of one country is readily understood in another.

With literature it has always so far been different. Literary artists have always been much more national, parochial even, than any others. Handel, for instance, would have produced much the same kind of music that he did had he stayed in Germany, but a French Dickens is as unthinkable as an English Anatole France. The literature of one country has, of course, often directly influenced that of another, but it generally has been an influence which has been quickly absorbed. The Renaissance, with its Greek and Latin and Italian inspirations wrought a great change in the literature of England, but we absorbed it all in the course of sixty or seventy years, and went back to the more national conventions.

But the conditions under which literature is circulated nowadays differ enormously from those which obtained even a hundred or fifty years ago. International publication is by no means an uncommon event nowadays for an author of considerable reputation. Mr. Hall Caine's last published novel was issued simultaneously in a half a dozen capitals.

The direction which the literature of a country or even of a continent such as Europe takes depends on the impulse given to it by those writers who are the best and finest spirits of their day. Formerly, when a book of consequence was not translated from one language to another until say fifty or even a hundred years after its publication, the masters of each country could only react on one another slowly and through the protective media of distance and time. This kept the literature of each country national and peculiar, and produced some very extraordinary effects in the way of influences that were delayed in their transmission. Rousseau, for instance, discovered the germ of the famous Social Contract which was in part responsible for the French Revolution in the ultra-Tory English philosopher Hobbes, in whose "Leviathan" the whole idea may be seen.

But nowadays the conditions are very different. The masters of one country are thoroughly acquainted with what is going on contemporaneously in the minds of the masters of other countries. They may say that they do not read each other, and this may even be true, but it is almost impossible for them to live in such intellectual isolation as will prohibit their friends and critics from

enlightening them as to what is being done in the world of letters. D'Annunzio, for instance, must be well acquainted with the ideas of Maeterlinck. He must know their ancestry and appreciate their relative proportion in the world of poetic thought. Maeterlinck, on the other hand, thoroughly understands that D'Annunzio's art is a mixture of the Greek spirit with Baudelaireian morbidity and a touch of Italian sensualism. One has only to think of the giant struggle of temperaments between those two great Germans, Richard Wagner and Frederick Nietzsche. The clashing of those two powerful minds was one of the battles of the Europe of ideas to prepare the way for a concert of intellectual thought, just as Austerlitz and Waterloo and Sedan have paved the way for a concert of the Powers.

Men of genius are naturally extremely sensitive. They know almost by a kind of instinct what ideas are being conceived and brought to life all over Europe. A line in a newspaper, a thought in a translated play, will reveal much to a person of imagination. A new idea introduced by one of the artists presiding over the Russian ballet in Petersburg or Moscow is heard of within a few months in London and Paris, and imitated or modified. Florence or Moscow are neither of them at too great a distance from Berlin to prevent the thoughts of Mr. Gordon Craig reaching a sympathetic intelligence in Max Reinhardt.

In Marinetti's scheme for expounding his Futurist doctrines we have the first conscious organisation of a concerted European art movement. Marinetti definitely makes his appeal to a certain type of mind which he recognises as being a European one, differing very little whether its possessor live in Amsterdam, or Paris, or Chelsea.

There exists nowadays a European public, a European standard of criticism, with some half-dozen European authors. Every writer who steps on to the stage of modern literary life finds himself acquainted with a host of contemporary authors who are not fellow-countrymen of his, but whose work he sincerely admires, who are, indeed, perhaps helping him to build his own style and convention of writing. So that when he sits down to his work his mind unconsciously asks itself, "How does my work stand by So-and-so's?" When he has asked this, such a writer has thought of a public which is wider than a merely national one. He has, at any rate, thought of himself in terms of an international writer.

The main basis of international literature being secured—whether one likes it or not—it seems that what will inevitably follow after the concert of ideas and conventions is the concert of language itself. For surely, as European thought tends to become more homogeneous, the languages that express it will show a similar tendency. Europe at the moment is raging in the intellectual sphere with a battle of ideas, with clashing styles and influences. Something definite must eventually be resolved from this, something approaching a standard and conformity. The morrow may usher

in the battle of the languages itself. The possibility of a common tongue has been often considered in the world of commerce, and it has been generally agreed—in England at any rate—that of the different languages, English was the most likely to survive. But the same international influences are contending in the sphere of art and literature. What tongue will survive as the vehicle for the conveyance of literary thought? As far as one can see, it must surely be some future form of either the language of Shakespeare or of Racine.

EDWARD STORER.

Don Juan in London

BY E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

DOES anybody, I wonder, read Byron to-day? That as a poet he has as much as Keats "out-soared the shadow of our night" is, I suppose, an indisputable proposition. But has he, like so many other classics, come to be taken for granted, as it were? His longest, though not his best, poem—"Don Juan"—that amazing *tour de force* in which the variety of the pictures is only equalled by the audacity of the rhymes; in which there is so much wit, so much knowledge of life, so much dallying with forbidden subjects, would not be a good test to apply, certainly, for people will not acknowledge reading what most have read, and you might almost as well expect anyone to admit trying to copy Byron's manner of life, as browsing in the work in which there is so much that is autobiographical.

Topography to me is fascinating—above all, London topography—and I have been again reading those memorable verses in which the career of Don Juan is pictured with such amazing frankness; and under the title of this article, I indicate only the tossings of the imaginary hero in that vast "fermenting vat," as Carlyle calls London.

Don Juan entered the city, not without adventure, it will be remembered, by way of Kennington. The eleventh canto of his memorable history, in which his London experiences are detailed, appeared in 1823, so that we may take the London of about one hundred years ago as the city which he knew. He passes "groves, so call'd, as being void of trees," "choked turnpikes" and "taverns wooing to a pint of purl," and crosses "the bridge"—of Westminster, I imagine, as we are told immediately after that "the lamps of Westminster more regularly gleam." Proceeding up Pall Mall, he

"Pursued his path, and drove past some hotels,
St. James's Palace and St. James's Hells."

By the by, the numerous gambling houses hereabouts were called "gold" and "silver" hells, and Byron was once nearly challenged by an acquaintance, who, having asked him where he thought his soul would be found hereafter, received the reply "In Silver Hell."

The hotel at which Don Juan stayed was not improbably "Long's" in Bond Street, where Sir Walter Scott put up in 1815, and which was well known to Byron; "one of the sweetest of hotels, especially for foreigners," he calls it, and where, we are told, "Many an envoy either dwelt or dwells." In due course Juan was "presented," and the London career of such a "vainqueur du monde" no doubt followed that of the man of fashion of the period, who divided his time between his club and his opera-box, and passed by easy transitions from the Park to Almack's and from Almack's to Crockford's. Anyhow, he enjoyed himself in the "West or worst end of the city" among "twice two thousand people bred, By no means to be very wise or witty."

His success with "fair virgins and wedded dames" and with "drapery misses," which meant those whose milliners dressed them on credit until they should secure a husband, need not be descanted upon. Caesar's motto was his too. Even the blue-stockings of the period did not frown on the attractive youth, but "talk'd bad French or Spanish" to their soul's content, and he found the waters of Hippocrene not green, but azure. From such intellectual society Juan passes by a happy transition to lighter frolics—culminating in the ball where the waltz, "The only dance which teaches girls to think," had but just been popularised, and the "quadrille" brought from Paris by Lady Jersey in 1815 was in full swing. Whatever was the fashion, in a word, Juan was not only in it but of it, and he, to the full, "saw that microcosm on stilts yclept the great world." The last five cantos of the poem contain, amid much digression and many telling blows at all sorts and conditions of people, the record of the hero's London life. One can illustrate Gronow by it and can understand more fully with its aid the somewhat mystic references in Pierce Egan, or "The English Spy." For it is much the same kind of life that is described—that of pleasure, wherein dressing and eating and drinking are the chief ingredients, and enjoyment in all its phases the one end. Something of the exile's bitterness enters into the record of such things; the criticisms on contemporaries are hard if not always unmerited; but throughout it all the *insouciant* figure of the brilliant young Don moves in a measure of quick reprisal; flashing hither and thither like a gay butterfly; and although—

"Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens, patriots, kings,
And dandies, all are gone on the winds' wings,"

he seems to survive the wreck and to rise like a bright exhalation from the seething turmoil which is London.

Her Majesty the Queen has accepted a copy of "Canada and Newfoundland," seven lectures prepared for the Visual Instruction Committee, H.M. Colonial Office, by A. J. Sargent, M.A., and published by Messrs. George Philip and Son, Ltd., 32, Fleet Street, London.

REVIEWS

A Great Victorian

The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton. By his Grandson, the EARL OF LYTTON. In Two Volumes. (Macmillan and Co. 30s. net.)

THE time seems to have gone by when Bulwer's was a name to conjure with. Twenty years ago we might have hesitated to make such a statement; a double set of his works was then no great rarity in a private library; criticism of Victorian literature then made him one of the first of its landmarks. The present Lord Lytton is no doubt right in saying that his grandfather's novels have retained their popularity up to the present day, but we think it is safe to assert that the great majority of his writings have been expunged, by whatever ghostly librarian has charge of such matters, from the list of things that are *necessary* to be read.

But whether the literary works of the first Lord Lytton are destined for immortality or not, and that, after all, is not a question for mortal decision, his life and his personality—as, indeed, his writings and his speeches—are representative in no ordinary degree of the Victorian era. The criticisms habitually levelled at that long-suffering epoch may often be made to serve for one of its most brilliant sons. Lord Lytton was certainly addicted to preaching and pomposity. His "chief shortcomings," as his biographer points out, "were in matters of taste." His "ornaments," in fact, were those of the early Victorian decoration. Then the "romantic vein," which properly belongs to a somewhat earlier period, but had its representatives up to the middle of the century, "explains much in the circumstances of Lord Lytton's life. . . . It is impossible to read the story of his life without feeling that much, if not all, of the bitterness which it contains might have been prevented by a determination to avoid heroics and to maintain a true sense of proportion between the various incidents which go to make up a situation."

An analysis of the present work seems to indicate that there were three Lord Lyttons in one—that he lived three separate lives, which should have been, but were not, divided by strong and efficient partitions. There was his literary life, his political life, and his private life. They might all have been happy, the first two even more successful, if they had not been allowed to react too much on one another. But, as the biographer clearly shows, the literary life wrecked the private life, which was in danger enough already without such interference, and the private life wrecked the political life.

It is impossible to discuss Lord Lytton's Life without some reference to the unfortunate marriage which so considerably modified it. Without the persecutions of Lady Lytton at the most critical moment of her husband's political career, Lord Derby's brilliant

Colonial Secretary would have guarded his post and become one of the most necessary leaders of the Tory Party. Without these same disturbing influences, his health and his social capacities might not have deteriorated, and his writings might have acquired just that additional touch that was needed. The failure of the marriage was primarily due, we learn, to literary absorption and overwork, and the necessity for these again is attributed to extravagance and to an unreasonable quarrel, sought by Bulwer with his mother.

This disastrous marriage might be described as an improvident and imprudent love-match, except that the improvidence was mainly the effect of Bulwer's tactlessness, and that he was really out of love again by the time the fatal step was taken. He wrote to his mother: "It was not Rose you asked me to relinquish. It was my duty to Rose." It was his "duty to Rose," not his passion, that made him marry her. An absurd jealousy at Naples, magnified by the glass of his self-loving personality and inflamed by his unsympathetic handling, was the immediate cause of disaster, unless we christen the whole relation of these two persons a disaster. Bulwer's mother and other disinterested persons never saw anything but evil in the proposed marriage, and Mrs. Bulwer's lack of sympathy for her son's bride was carried so far as to be a contributory cause of the final failure.

It is a pity that Lytton's political career was hampered and cut short. His oratorical efforts, of which some specimens are to be found in this work, were brilliant and decisive. He made speeches that were acclaimed by connoisseurs as the finest of their generation, and his contribution to the debate on Roe-buck's motion seems to have been the chief instrument in wrecking the Aberdeen administration. As Colonial Secretary he was a very great success, and his instructions to Sir George Bowen on his appointment as first Governor of Queensland are a monument of wisdom. A remark of the Permanent Under-Secretary is worth quoting: "Sir Edward writes perfect volumes of minutes, and then tells me that he learnt two great maxims in life, one to write as little as possible, and the other to say as little as possible!" From the point of view of party, Lord Lytton was rather an eccentric; an enthusiastic Liberal in his youth, he ended as a Conservative. "In the main his Parliamentary utterances are remarkable for their detached point of view. They nearly always contain some line of argument which is peculiar to himself, and they are chiefly interesting as revelations of his own individuality." As might be expected, his periods of repose upon a fence were the occasion on his part of much self-congratulation. We find it rather strange that he did not accept the crown of Greece, which was offered to him.

The first chapter is purely autobiographical, and contains a lot of romanticism—prophecies and fortunetellers—a sojourn with gipsies—a Borrovia murderer whose rooms Bulwer rented—a bed à la belle étoile

on the field of Bannockburn. There are curious bits of self-analysis: "My speech" at the Cambridge Union "was short, but it was manly and simple, spoken in earnest, and at once successful." His speech on the Game Laws before the same society was, he says, "long remembered and cited as among the most effective which had been heard in my time." It is pleasant to find him recognising "that fault which has been commonly attributed to me, viz., too high an opinion of myself." His grandson observes, in connection with the later domestic troubles: "When he took his pen in hand, Bulwer always conjured up before himself an image of the man he wished and believed himself to be."

The career of Lord Lytton filled the middle of the nineteenth century. Some of the glitter has worn off, but the essence remains and must be interesting, so long as the period itself remains interesting, which is another way of saying always. The present Lord Lytton has managed his somewhat unwieldy materials with great skill, and has added a fine monument to the temple of English biography.

The High Priest of Poetry

The Works of Tennyson, with Notes by the Author.
Edited by HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS thick volume of one thousand and thirty-three closely printed double-column pages is, we take it, the final edition of Tennyson's works. To the previously published "Complete Works" there are added Tennyson's own notes, a preface and additional notes by his son, Hallam, Lord Tennyson. Of this preface its author writes that it is "naturally an abridgment of my 'Memoir' of my father, with here and there some few facts added, illustrating his character or the methods of his work. The commentaries and notes are for the most part those which he himself jotted down or bade me jot down for posthumous publication." The notes vary considerably in value and importance. As a poem, "In Memoriam" is certainly incomplete and in places unintelligible without notes. For instance, Verse V, Section VI—

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought;

is made intelligible by the editor's note, "My father was writing to Arthur Hallam in the hour that he died," and to the true admirer of the poet such explanations are invaluable. There are also Tennyson's own notes, which are exceedingly self-revelatory. Of the line in "The Lotos-Eaters"—

Weary the wandering fields of barren foam,

he writes: "Made by me on a voyage from Bordeaux to Dublin (1830). I saw a great creamy slope of sea on the horizon, rolling toward us. I often, as I say, chronicle on the spot, in four or five words or more, whatever strikes me as picturesque in nature." Again there are his notes that read a little like stage directions: "Knowledge, shone, knoll—let him who reads me always read the vowel in these words long."

A straw shows the way of the wind; a chance phrase may reveal the character of a man, and a footnote the quality of a poet. "Let him who reads me!" A hint as to pronunciation becomes a pontifical edict from the high priest of poetry! For that is what Tennyson became. No poet ever stood in greater need of the cold blast of criticism which sends the vital sap in a man down to the roots again, and probably no poet ever felt it less. Tennyson flowered like an unbudded chrysanthemum whose blossoms become smaller and smaller as they grow more plentiful. Popular opinion was like a great heat-wave which hung over his genius just when it should have been subjected to the keenest rigors of self-criticism. For the poet, or indeed any man, who becomes "a figure" to himself loses his power and authority in precise proportion as that stately effigy grows in his mind. He ceases to be the inquisitive and delightful child of nature telling of his discoveries with increasing rapture and simplicity, and turns into an actor, histrionic in his very solitude, for ever thinking what he thinks his effigy ought to think. He becomes a pipe for any lips; he loses sight of the comic spirit, and as surely as he lives he must indulge in what George Meredith justly called "pedantic flutings." Popularity is the humid atmosphere which encourages conceit to grow in great minds, as fungi grow about the roots of great trees.

Those who wonder at the present unpopularity of Tennyson's poetry are either those for whom the Victorian era is not yet past, or those who believe that art has a value apart from everyday life. Many people are addicted to "the beautiful" and "the true." They are chronic idealists who think that virtue can be cultivated by a kind of hypnotic adoration of bloodless perfection. They believe that poetry is the draping of "beautiful" conceptions in high-sounding or picturesque language; they do not know that it is the fierce glow of the spirit which comes to white heat in the intensity of the imagination.

It is ironic that the moment when an author receives the honour of "Complete Works" should so often synchronise with the necessity for a carefully selected edition. While we are grateful for a monumental volume we would respectfully offer the hint to Tennyson's keenest admirers; for though we live in a strenuous age, we can still appreciate the drowsy loveliness of a summer's afternoon, and life, seen through the languorous atmosphere of such a time, Tennyson revealed perhaps better than any other English poet.

Essential Poetry

Collected Poems. By "AE." (Macmillan and Co. 6s. net.)

THERE are poems in this collection where it is plain to see that the eye of the painter accompanied the eye of the poet. But there are many more passages where it is clear that both poet and painter are subsidiary to the prophet and the seer. In truth, that is the distinctive quality of "AE's" work, both as poet and painter. His craftsmanship in either of these is often not only insufficient, not only imperfect, but, as it were, careless. Not that it is really careless. There is, in his painting especially, the mark of a very careful study of earlier and other workmen. In his verse it is not difficult to come across traces that manifestly display his loves in poetry: Wordsworth and Shelley especially. Yet, apart from this study of models, there is often the feeling that the technician is indifferent because the seer is so profoundly, even so proudly, assured of the high importance of the thing he has to sing. He will fail, often, to render in the incalculable magic of words the soul of the thing he has seen, because he is so well sure of its own spiritual and eternal music. He looks rather at the thing behind the words than at the words in which, as a poet, he has undertaken to capture and encage it; and so we feel that—paradox though it seem—the poem before it was written was immeasurably greater than the poem as it comes to us; and that the song is great, in spite of its imperfections, though the singer forgets his tune because the seer is so fascinated by his vision.

Far up the dim twilight fluttered
Moth-wings of vapour and flame;
The lights danced over the mountains,
Star after star they came.

The lights grew thicker unheeded,
For silent and still were we;
Our hearts were drunk with a beauty
Our eyes could never see.

Reading so beautiful a little poem as that we feel, as we might feel looking on some of the pictures from the same artist's hand, that the man's very austerity and relentless truthfulness has turned, not against him, but against us. There is no word in these poems that has not been searched rigorously that it should not lie in its relation of an authentic experience. The two very stanzas that stand above may even possibly be the relics of a longer poem that has been refined down lest it should fall into mere words. Yet that is a method that has its revenges. The poet's task is a task of words; and it may be that words that seem superfluous are yet burthened with a proper, though an indefinable, part of the precious ecstasy that was experienced. By refining away these it may haply be that the poem no longer will be able to communicate to us the ecstasy that was experienced, but will only avail to make a report of it for us. It is at that point that the seer must

also be an artist: the artist is he who will take up an authentic wonder, and by bathing and rebathing words in it will make it renewable for all time in the very magic of their formation. "AE" comes rather to us austere, and tells us of that ecstasy, and bids us know that all our divinity lies resident in its experience. He seldom passes us into the very midst of the flame, but he comes to us with the smell of the burning upon him; and it is, without question, impossible to deny him. With a severer guard on his words, with a closer watch upon his lips lest they rush past him in a torrent of terrific speech (though we feel that this is always possible to him), he is like a Hebrew prophet in this:

Twilight, a timid fawn, went glimmering by,
And Night, the dark-blue hunter, followed fast,
Ceaseless pursuit and flight were in the sky,
But the long chase had ceased for us at last.

We watched together while the driven fawn
Hid in the golden thicket of the day.
We, from whose hearts pursuit and flight were gone,
Knew on the hunter's breast her refuge lay.

In that poem, "Refuge," he comes most near to letting his mood convey itself to us as it will: there is the hint of an unordered tumult in it, and so the flame lights along the words to us with a sense of thrill. Yet whether the flame leap up in the words, or whether the words come forward to tell us of the flame that is lit elsewhere, there is scarcely a poem in this collection that has not one or other of those differing authenticities. Save in such poems as that written "On Behalf of Some Irishmen Not Followers of Tradition," where the subject itself compels a rhetorical delivery, there is an astonishing lack of rhetoric in this volume. Neither has he the rhetoric of magnificence, nor the equally (or, since its nature so disguises it, the even more) pernicious rhetoric of simplicity. The peril he incurs by refining and chastening his tissue of words has this boon for him, it protects him from the other evil of a lying muse. He tells us of what he sees, of what he knows; and he may be trusted almost implicitly because he has surely dealt honestly with himself, and so by us. He has been the poet before he has made his poetry. The poems were things of beauty before they came to be in a form of words. If, for instance, he uses metaphor, it is not as decoration, but because the likeness he draws has been an intense vision of unity for him:

Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose,
Withers once more the old blue flower of day.

There is no decoration in that: it is one with itself, and one with truth. And there is always this intense quality of truth in his song, whether it attests or, more rarely, communicates his vision.

Beauty has been a very living experience to him; and it is not the least significant thing about this volume that its poems were the precursors to a system of economics that, though always *ad hoc* (it is ever the poet who is

the practical man), is resolutely housed in a conception of Beauty. The man is greater than the artist; the poetry is greater than the poems with which it is half-built, half-hinted; and there always is the sense throughout this volume that, though the artist may not reveal the whole of the man, and though the poems may not reveal the whole of the poetry, these things like broken petals about the doorway tell us of a world of perfect colour and perfume within. This volume needs, imperiously needs (and we suggest the idea to the publishers), the brother-volume of "AE's" wonderful prose beside it. The two together would hint the untold Beauty more fully; and they would attest, as these poems themselves do, one of the most significant figures in the world to-day.

Among the Gentiles

The Journal of a British Chaplain in Paris during the Peace Negotiations of 1801-2. Illustrated. Edited by A. M. BROADLEY. (Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.)

THE student of history, if he is wise, does not look for ultimate truth; what he asks for is a variety of points of view. The French Revolution, dispassionately considered, is the greatest mystical event in the world's history. There is no accounting for it; there is no sense in judging it. It is possible to summarise some of its causes and some of its results; we have often tried to do so at the bidding of academical exigencies, sometimes, we have been tempted to suppose, with a fair measure of plausibility. But when we have added up our little sum of results or causes, especially the causes, we have been struck with the discrepancy between our own answer and the great answer of History.

If we had but a limited choice of spectacles through which to watch the gambollings of Leviathan, we should probably not choose those of the British chaplain of a diplomatic mission. To such a one, Leviathan would be a fish like any other, or, if accuracy be insisted on, an unwieldy kind of aquatic mammal. The French Revolution would be nothing but a high festival of crimes and criminals, organised on a gigantic scale. This point of view we had expected from the journal of Dawson Warren, and it would be idle to deny that on the whole we get it. We had it also three or four years ago in the journal of Edward Stanley, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, who visited Paris only a few months later than the diarist we are discussing. In both cases we must note, however, that the clerical capacity was a far less effectual obstacle to sympathetic observation than the British. The Englishman abroad was certainly at his worst about 1800 A.D. No doubt the France of that date was an unbeautiful place, but after a conflagration

we must expect to find a certain quantity of scaffold-poles, mortar, grimy workmen, and general disorder. The visitor was generally too busy in pointing out edifying contrasts to spare much pity or sympathy.

Dawson Warren went to Paris as chaplain to the mission of his brother-in-law, Francis Jackson, which, concurrently with the mission of Lord Cornwallis, completed the negotiations for the Peace of Amiens, signed at the beginning of 1802. Jackson's mission, which was quite as important and authoritative as the other, has, it seems, received very scant attention from historians, and, as we glean very little information from the journal about its proceedings we will not discuss the subject further. The whole interest of the journal consists in its writer's opinions and personal experiences.

Of course, the writer's position gave him a particularly good opportunity of seeing the "sommittés" of post-Revolutionary Paris at close range. He talked with the First Consul, whose curiosity was much excited at the "canonicals" which the chaplain donned for the occasion; he saw Joseph Bonaparte, Mme. Tallien, and Mme. Récamier; he had long conversations with Latude; and, being an Englishman, he had the inevitable interviews with Mme. de Staël. He heard all the Revolution stories, including the famous one of Robespierre sober executing Mme. de Sainte-Amarante and her friends for having heard the confidences of Robespierre drunk; the story is a little different from the accepted one, and may be the truer one, considering the teller's opportunities of knowing the truth. Some of the stories, on the other hand, sound the merest hearsay.

The chaplain of the British mission had a good eye for seeing, and, though he generally disapproved of what he saw, he was very fair-minded. He records the experience of the Prince of Monaco, who fled from Paris and "on his return, after ten years' absence, found everything exactly as he had left it, even the remains of a breakfast on the table . . . a singular proof that political fury and not petty plunder instigated the Parisian populace during their troubles." The desire to study the Revolution a little thoroughly was quenched by the famous bookseller, Pougens, who said: "There are 144,000 histories of the Revolution. I sell 12,000 of them in my shop," and suggested "a complete set of the *Moniteur* for the last ten years," against a payment of 50 napoleons.

We could wish that the British chaplain had had more of a mind for food; he dined with some famous epicures, and has nothing to record but his disgust. He is more explicit about dress; the scantiness of the fashionable female attire is one of his favourite themes for denunciation; the terms of his tirades have an odd latter-day sound. The men he finds slovenly, ill-washed, and bad-mannered. The company at a leading salon contained nobody "who seemed above the common race of London shopkeepers." In another place he doubts "whether it is possible for a Repub-

lican to look like a gentleman." Only in one or two surviving strongholds of the *Ancien Régime* did his exacting taste find satisfaction. The theatres were places he went to with the certainty of being bored or offended.

The most curious thing in this most curious book comes at the end; the writer debates within himself whether he ought to have left his parish to go to Paris at all, and, being there, whether he had comported himself as befitting a minister of the Gospel. He appears to leave the former question open, and to have grave doubts about the latter.

An Enemy of Disraeli

Goldwin Smith: His Life and Opinions. By his Literary Executor, ARNOLD HAULTAIN. (T. Werner Laurie. 18s. net.)

GRATEFUL though we are to Mr. Haultain for the liberality with which he has catered for our thirst for information concerning so interesting a figure as Goldwin Smith, we are driven to confess that a work of one half the size of that before us, and published at one-third of the price, would have been more appropriate to the subject. Mr. Haultain, with characteristic loyalty to a chief whom he served faithfully for eighteen years, is constantly emphasising that which to him has become a fetish, namely the "greatness" of his master.

Goldwin Smith was not a great man. Were there any room for doubt upon the matter the present volume of reminiscences would be more than sufficient to prove the truth of our objection, for a very large portion thereof is concerned with Goldwin Smith's constant and ludicrous efforts to justify his ways to men. No great man ever had the time or inclination for indulging in so puerile a pastime. Nor did any truly great man ever attack so frequently or so bitterly those who are also great. The prevailing tone of Goldwin Smith's reflections upon men and matters is one of arrogant contempt. There never was in the world, according to his gospel, a poet or philosopher worthy of the name. His attitude throughout his life was a purely negative one. He was a pro-Boer, a Little Englander, an anti-religionist. There is not a phase of human activity but was attacked by him. Living, as he did, the life of a recluse in his own library, he failed to keep pace with the progress of the world. The older he grew the more widely estranged from his fellow-men did he become. "Two things, apparently," says Mr. Haultain, "the Professor cannot help doing, and he does both more and more the older he grows: flog dead horses and gird at dead antagonists." The result of this proclivity upon his part was that a life

which might have been productive of the greatest good to humanity was wasted in a fruitless and ludicrous endeavour to demolish that which existed only in his own imagination. Man cannot live by objurgation and contumely alone. Nor is it of the least concern to mankind in general whether Goldwin Smith deserved or not the satire bestowed upon him by Disraeli in "Lothair." Disraeli became an obsession in the mind of the ex-Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. And, in the words of Tacitus, "inficit ea tabes," the contagion spread to his secretary and literary executor, for Mr. Haultain introduces pages and pages of his own independent reflections upon the problematical Semite.

Mr. Haultain's long association with so punctilious a stylist as was his chief availed not to save him from a looseness of expression which occasionally degenerates into positive vulgarity, as, for example, when he talks of a certain article of the Professor upon Canada's treaty-making powers as being "ditto"! And to introduce matter so scandalous concerning Lady Dilke is surely a grave breach of good taste. Goldwin Smith was, as the author rightly impresses on us, a bystander. He contributed nothing to the welfare of mankind for the reason that, like many another man of thought, he was paralysed by his own ideals. Like Cobden, he assumed that the world was a single community. His motto was that which he caused to be engraved upon a stone seat on the campus of Cornell University: "Above all nations is humanity." The result of his rigid adherence to such ideals prevented him from assisting in the fulfilment of the stages intermediate between the present and a future in which "humanity" shall possess a more than academic significance. The "United States Notes" appended to the volume contain very little matter of interest. It is most unfortunate that the price of the book should be so great. We are unable to discover in the letterpress or illustrations any justification for such a figure.

"Wight who checks the Western Tide"

Wanderings in the Isle of Wight. By ETHEL C. HARGROVE. Illustrated. (Andrew Melrose. 6s. net.)

MANY histories have been written of the early days of the Isle of Wight, but none have been so enthusiastic, interesting, and modern as the agreeable book of essays on the subject which Miss Ethel C. Hargrove has brought together. For many particulars of past centuries the author is indebted to the famous Sir John Oglander, who came to keep house at Nunwell in 1607 and wrote his memoirs early in the seventeenth century. This family has held its

property in uninterrupted descent for more than seven hundred years, and typifies the unchanging qualities of the life of this island and the security which some among the inhabitants have been enabled to enjoy. The reverse side of the picture is rather clearly demonstrated by the family of the other most famous historian of the Wight, Sir Richard Worsley, of Appuldurcombe, who wrote in the eighteenth century, and whose family lands and houses, collections of works of art are now scattered wide and far.

But in an island that was already old in the ways of the world when Vespasian added it, under the name of Vectis, to the Roman Empire in 52 A.D., are many antique survivals and curious hints of long forgotten centuries. Miss Hargrove fully enters into the ancient history of the place she knows and loves so well, but at the same time she is by no means greatly involved in any long archaeological considerations. Her story of the growth of the island from its primeval days even unto our own time is told lightly and with ease, but one sees that in no period during the history of England has the Isle of Wight been without its important personages and active and brave inhabitants. From Roman, Saxon, and Norman days onward, this isle in the Channel has always been busy in affairs of the State. Our personal interest, however, is more particularly with the Tudor and Stuart times and on to the eighteenth century, for it was in those periods that the most characteristic domestic buildings were planned, those manor-houses which still survive and form such beautiful memories of the far-off romantic days in the Wight.

"In no part of the United Kingdom do so many lie within such a conscribed radius," says Miss Hargrove. At Shorewell, Woolverton, Northcourt, and West Court there are fine examples in splendid preservation, "besides the two delightful farms at Yafford. Apse and Yaverland lie near the east coast, while Arreton nestles in a peaceful slope, and Appuldurcombe like a fair pearl within an emerald circlet." There are many others such as Mottestone, of many memories; Swainston, now chiefly famous as the beautiful place in which Tennyson wrote some of his most delicate lyrics; Gatcombe, and so forth. To take but one example, Arreton, which was a wealthy estate in the time of Edward the Confessor, is still a most enchanting place. Its quiet, finely proportioned rooms are decorated with unusually interesting carving. Its richly domestic air is instinct with the genial spirit of many generations who have found happiness. It now belongs to the family of Wykeham-Martin, and for a century or two members of the Isle of Wight house of Roach lived peacefully and passed away within its sheltering walls. One very old lady of the family we knew many years ago had been but a short distance from the manor in some seventy years. Every corner of her house and garden gave her happiness; every incident of her busy life seemed held within its gracious keeping. We fancy hers was but one of a thousand lives that were concentrated in the happenings of the

island, people who were proud and simple friends of the Queen who made Osborne her home, old-world ladies and gentlemen who preserved even towards the close of the nineteenth century the manners and customs of periods long prior to that time of reform and change. Something of this atmosphere has been caught and set upon the pleasant pages of Miss Hargrove's work. But there is much information of a more usual and utilitarian kind. From whatever point the visitor to or resident of the island looks at the book, he will find a dozen points of interest, whether he be already well informed in the history of this ancient piece of the Kingdom, or comes to it with the freshness of a tourist from a far country.

E. M.

Grievances and Theories

Revolutionary Syndicalism: An Exposition and a Criticism. By J. A. ESTEY, Ph.D. With an Introduction by L. LOVELL PRICE, M.A. (P. S. King and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

FEW books on such a subject as Syndicalism are not filled with the din of controversy. In most the writer sets out to justify a preconception and carries on his demonstration, for or against, by the aid of those economic dogmas which are the worst bugbear that the learning of the nineteenth century has bequeathed to the talent of the twentieth. Dr. Estey has chosen a better way. His study of revolutionary Syndicalism, mainly confined to its progress in France, which may be called its home, is neither the denunciation of a foredoomed heresy nor a manual for worshippers in a new cult. It is written with the sympathy which one who would understand Syndicalism must extend to the Syndicalists, but impartially, without prepossession in favour of revolutionaries hard pressed to rationalise their sense of grievance and determination to rebel.

The impression conveyed by Dr. Estey's book is that Syndicalism may be more usefully considered as a symptom than a system. In France, as in England, the working class, in the light of the education which it now commands and the wider knowledge of the world and its modern treasures and facilities for life which a cheap Press, cheap means of transit, and the display of wealth in the open supply, feels it is badly used, cozened of its right share of the bread and the wine, excluded by the adaptations of social and economic machinery from the monetary security that gives peace of mind and protects health, and therefore it is at war with the existing system. Conscious of political power and better able, corporately, to keep instinctive resentment proof against defenders of things as they are than to show why they are wrong and how they can be improved, the working class is prone to welcome eagerly the theories evolved by middle-class Socialists

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and Syndicalists, and to treat them as interchangeable or abandon them as readily as it acclaimed them at first sight.

Dr. Estey has very carefully traced the origin and progress of the Syndicalist movement in France; he describes its ideals, its partial successes, its crushing failures, its struggle with Socialism, its relation to sabotage, and the decay which it already seems to exhibit in the land where it first reached a vigorous growth; and he gives very instructive glimpses of the corresponding movement in England. Dr. Estey's main conclusion may be inferred from the following passage:—

The peculiar method of Syndicalism breaks down in practice, and with the failure of the ordinary form the success of the revolutionary general strike becomes a patent impossibility. Moreover, if, as some Syndicalist philosophers assert, the revolutionary general strike is but a myth set up to evoke the revolutionary activities of the proletariat, it is an evil myth, encouraging a method of action disastrous for those who practise it. If the cause of Labour is to be spared deep humiliation, if the patient efforts of years are not to be rendered fruitless, these huge comprehensive movements which are the feature of Syndicalism in practice must be given up. And if the labouring class has lost its faith in partial strikes, trade agreements and Parliamentary activity, it must devise some new method more capable of doing it service, and free from the evils inevitably associated with the general strike.

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Shorter Reviews

Macaulay's History of England, from the Accession of James the Second. Edited by CHARLES HARDING FIRTH, M.A. In Six Volumes. Vol. I. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE first of the six volumes in which the famous essayist's "History of England" is soon to appear is worthy of the attention of all students; not, primarily, because it is illustrated and well produced, but because an extraordinary amount of care and thought has been devoted to the selection of the illustrations. Thirty-eight of the coloured portraits of sovereigns and statesmen, and over fifty of the portraits in black-and-white, have been derived from the National Gallery—of which, by the way, Macaulay was one of the original trustees; other public galleries and many private owners have supplied fresh material; caricatures of the Dutch satirists, bearing on the latter part of the seventeenth century, are reproduced; maps and plans are given, whenever possible being taken from authentic contemporary engravings; and views, broadsides, ballads, and autographs add very much to the interest of the text. The weakness for looking at pictures is not wholly an attribute of childhood; and when to carefulness of presentation the virtue of accuracy is added, as in the instance before us, any man may be pardoned for admiring such a volume as this.

The text, of course, is familiar to historians as having been revised by Macaulay himself, this portion of it having appeared long before his death. "I am inclined to hope," he wrote in 1858, "that the book will be as nearly faultless, as to typographical execution, as any work of equal extent that is to be found in the world." Whether it is faultless historically has often been questioned; at any rate, we all own allegiance to Macaulay in the matter of style and dignity as an essayist who has had a perceptible influence on the language. The reader will gather that the present edition of the "History" is likely to be of permanent value, and to take high rank as an attractive work of pictorial reference for the period.

Paul's Simplicode. By M. LEVY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)

BY means of this handy little volume, containing more than five thousand code-words, each signifying a sentence, an inquiry, or information, the telegraph may be made use of to its fullest extent. Every word is admissible "at any telegraph, cable, or wireless office throughout the world," and clear instructions are given in a short preface on how to employ the book. The word "Delicandos," for example, means "Released on bail"; "Delegabais" signifies "Arrested for assaulting police"; certain ladies will undoubtedly find this work invaluable. In fact, one can send any message, from "Many happy returns," to "Break it

gently," or from "Delayed by fog" to "Meet me at Lyons," in a single word. In the business and shipping sections the book is especially good, and explanations are given by which secrecy can be assured.

Early Days on the Yukon. By WILIAM OGILVIE. Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

MR. OGILVIE spent a number of years in Government service in the Yukon district, and his personal acquaintances included the men who were first in the great gold rush of '96 and after: in consequence of this, he has a more than usually interesting story to tell. Occasionally he errs on the side of statistics, rendering his work a little official in flavour, but at the same time this characteristic renders the book valuable from an historical point of view. The stories of the mining towns, and of the times and folk who preceded and participated in the great rush, are quite equal to those which came from California in '49, or from the Australian fields.

There is, for instance, the story of the Indians who dug up McQuesten's stores, and unwittingly mixed rat poison with the food. Two old women and a young one died, and the Indians demanded payment for this loss. They rated the young woman at ten skins, or six dollars, but the two old women were not valued at all, being a nuisance—an eloquent argument for the suffrage screamers. Later comes the story of the miner who owed McQuesten seven hundred dollars, but could not pay him anything out of five hundred earned because of the absolute necessity for a "little spree"—after which, of course, there was nothing left.

We are impressed, after reading such a book as this, with the goodness that is in man—a characteristic of the wild rather than of cities. The Dominion Government had to police the Yukon district, of course, but it was for the few. The great majority, in the face of strong temptations, were lawless in the sense that they needed no law, since they "acted straight all through." They were hard men for the most part, but most refreshingly straight, and the greater part of the "crook" work done in connection with Klondyke gold-mining has been in the form of frauds perpetrated in London or other large cities—specious stories of claims for sale, and things of that kind.

Mr. Ogilvie has written an exceedingly interesting book on the early days of the Klondyke, and a word of commendation is due for the excellent photographs which accompany the text, and give a very good idea of this country of snow and gold.

THE *Church Quarterly* opens with an excellent article on Church and Parliament by Viscount Wolmer, who points out that there are a number of pressing reforms in the Church, which are entirely stopped by the present attitude of Parliament. For nearly thirty years all legislation affecting the welfare of the Church has been violently opposed—even important measures like the Benefices Act and the Clergy Discipline Act, and Bishoprics Bills, which were delayed for years. Hence

the normal development and progress of the Church is being seriously arrested. Disestablishment is no remedy, as supposed by some. This may clearly be seen in the Welsh Bill, which with its arbitrary creation of a new Representative Body, subject to the approval of Mr. McKenna, is no more freedom for the Church than the Tower was for Archbishop Laud.

Our modern Parliament of heterogeneous religions is simply indifferent to Church matters—except spoliation. Lord Wolmer points out that the only remedy is Parliamentary devolution in ecclesiastical affairs, and that this reform can be obtained only by a persistent and united demand of Churchmen.

The Reverend F. W. Pullen has a long and valuable article on the Grace of Orders and Apostolic Succession. The great importance of the question centres to-day around proposals for Home Re-union with those who have separated from the Church. Such re-union is impossible on the basis of the Church's abandonment of the necessity of episcopal ordination. The Bishop of Oxford has laid it down as an absolute proposition that such action would rend in twain the Anglican Communion, while on the other side, Dr. J. H. Moulton, writing as a Methodist, says: "We do not want the Church of England to spoil its own Church machinery to accommodate some features of ours." It comes once more to this, that re-union is possible only by means of absorption.

Miss E. Wordsworth contributes a good character sketch and appreciation of Jane Austen, in which she is "tempted to agree with Miss Austen's estimate of herself that she was 'the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress.'" There are several other good articles on matters of interest to theologians.

Camp Fire Yarns of the Lost Legion. By Col. G. HAMILTON-BROWNE ("Maori Browne"). Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE author of these reminiscences, for which the reviewer can find no epithet less hackneyed than "breezy," is chiefly proud of his "dear, reckless, light-hearted countrymen." This is not the first volume of retrospect in which Colonel Browne has retailed his own and other people's adventures in New Zealand and South Africa, nor, seeing how thinly he spreads the paint on his canvas, is there any reason why it should be the last. There must be a market for this sort of thing. Such unconventional flowers of the camp-fire mood as "in pursuit of diversion Jack must be assigned the cake," "old josser," "blooming error," doubtless keep the right type of reader in fits of merriment, while a few trifling errors of nomenclature, such as the reference to a toy wooden crocodile as a "confounded insect," only help to maintain the level of hilarity.

The best chapter of this irritating jumble of garrulous good-fellowship is the first, in which we are given a really interesting estimate of the Maori. New Zealand

is the most remote of our dependencies, and for this reason the reading public knows less of the vanishing Maori than even of the Australian blackfellow. British enterprise has written "finis" to the story of the Maori as a nation, but, as the author tells us, he was in many respects a fine fellow, imbued with curiously antiquated notions of chivalry, hospitable to a fault, and as courageous as he was superstitious. Now and then, it is true, the race produced a human tiger, but Colonel Hamilton-Browne is quite sure that even that cut-throat Te Kooti was no worse than Alva or Tilly, and not half as bad as Oliver Cromwell. The curse of Cromwell evidently lies heavy on this generally buoyant Irishman, and he devotes a couple of wasted pages to an indictment that will hardly make the great Puritan turn in his grave. From New Zealand, the author takes us to South Africa, where we wade through a good deal of old history, meet the late Mr. Alfred Beit, and sense something of the horror of being bushed. It is more than likely that these pages will bring unalloyed delight to any of the author's old comrades-in-arms who are so fortunate as to get hold of the book. To the average reader, however, they will, we fear, prove a little tedious.

A Great Mystery Solved: Being a Continuation of and Conclusion to "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."
By GILLAN VASE. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co. 6s.)

WE are afraid that most admirers of Charles Dickens who read this ambitious completion of that last much-discussed story of his, will prefer to turn back to their "Mystery of Edwin Drood" in order to recapture the charm of the real Dickens. Imitation may be flattery, but "Gillan Vase," whose "solution" of this problem first appeared many years ago, has only succeeded in intensifying the faults of the well-known style and omitting its beauties. Sentimentality and melodrama crowd upon one another, and the puzzle remains precisely where it was. The effort is really wasted ingenuity.

Calendars and Diaries

THERE are readers who have so great an affection for one man's writing that they come very near to worship in their great appreciation of his thoughts and ideas. To them must ever be welcome calendars and books of quotations, such as the Ibsen and Walter Pater calendars issued by Mr. Frank Palmer at 1s. each.

To students, Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons' "Year-Book and Diary" (1s.) will prove useful, while to all and sundry the "White Horse Diary" will be welcome. Sportsmen will find this latter booklet particularly useful, as it gives in a concise form information often needed by lovers of racing, fishing, and shooting.

Fiction

A Handful of Days. By HAL D'ARCY. (John Long. 6s.)

WHEN John O'Grady had been married twenty years, or thereabouts, to a woman whom he had never loved, he succumbed to a severe attack of homesickness, and made up his mind to spend ten days of his annual holiday in revisiting the Green Isle. Arrived there, he promptly fell in love with Mary O'Connor, niece to the dear old priest with whom he was staying, and, so powerful was this love, that John contracted brain fever rather than go back to his wife and three children in Manchester. Then the unwanted wife and two of the children get drowned most conveniently in a boating accident, and—but the rest is as inevitable as the whole story is unconvincing.

Manufactured plots of this kind can have but a slight appeal to the average novel reader, and the author makes a further error in permitting one character to talk for more than a page with hardly a pause for breath—people do not do these things in real life, or, if they do, their acquaintances give them the cold shoulder rather than listen to such exhortations. The best things the book contains are sundry flashes of repartee, as when the curate stated that he took as a text "I am a worm and no man," and was informed that the statement was unnecessary. It may be remarked in passing that the retort was fully justified by the character of the curate. Such passages as this help to lighten the story, which in itself has hardly sufficient probability to attain any great measure of success.

When William Came. By "SAKI" (H. H. MUNRO). (John Lane. 6s.)

HITHERTO we have rejoiced—rather loudly, at times—over Clovis, Bassington, and other impish creations of "Saki's" pen, but here we have "Saki" in serious and prophetic mood. His hero, Murray Yeovil, comes home from a bout of marsh fever in eastern wilds to find that a week's war has made of England a German province—William is German William, and the English Royal Court moves to Delhi. Shortly after Yeovil's return, the German conqueror promulgates his desire with regard to compulsory military service, which the people had dreaded, and the wording of the decree is excellent satire. "Their judgment that they were unsuited as a race to bear arms and conform to military discipline was not to be set aside. Their new Overlord did not propose to do violence to their feelings and customs by requiring from them the personal military sacrifices and services which were rendered by his subjects German born"—but they would be taxed in lieu of personal service, while "no weapons other than guns for specified sporting purposes" could be owned or carried.

This is but a phase of a story which contains some grim and relentless irony. As Yeovil saw things, the sea that in old time had been England's protection became its prison, because the race had seen fit to neglect the power that should have existed behind its voice. There was (as there will be) no six months' notice of war to give time for Territorial training, but war dropped out of a clear sky (in the form of German aircraft) on a nation which had neglected nearly all the necessary means of defence, and had refused to come into line with other world powers by providing a system of compulsory military training for its young men. The final result of such negligence was surrender to superior force, and enslavement.

Lightly and satirically written, for the most part, the book is a terrible indictment of present-day political dishonesty and dishonour, which will not accept as a working hypothesis the theory that adequate means of defence lies in the power to defy. It is a book that should be hammered, sentence by sentence, into such brains as peace-at-any-price Little Englanders possess, for it points, in emphatic fashion, the danger that attends on the starvation of military forces to-day, the sacrifice of efficiency to the god economy, and the folly that makes no provision for the military training of the nation's young manhood. Few novels are written with a finer purpose, and we wish this book the large circulation it deserves.

Mayfair, Limited. By E. O'SULLIVAN. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

MISQUOTATIONS and their kin are always amusing. Mrs. Laughton-Smith's remarks are gems in their way, as witness—"as the Psalmist says, 'Kind hearts are more than coronets,'" and "To be invited to her parties give one a regular 'cachou' into Society." Mrs. Laughton-Smith was, according to her author, one of the clients of an association formed from the hangers-on of smart Society, known as "Mayfair, Limited," and devoted to the business of selling introductions. Therein lies the *motif* of the book.

The ways of Mr. Todd, third husband to the exclusive Marchioness; the troubles of Mr. Bone, the Plate River corn speculator who unwittingly made himself suspected of being an Austrian Archduke incognito; the ways of Lady Wendover, whom Mrs. Armitage was never tired of advertising as "my husband's sister, you know"—these, and sundry other people, to say nothing of the Marchioness's cats, make up a book of excellent light comedy. We know it is fooling, but it is good fooling, with a laugh on nearly every page except for a rather dull opening chapter, and a very good melodramatic ending. There is cleverness in the work, too. Mr. Todd, talking against time to engage Mr. Bone's attention, says:—

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"Why I'm told that when even the rivers over-run the banks they leave a deposit"—this with reference to the rich resources of the Plate River districts. We can heartily commend "Mayfair, Limited" to all and sundry who wish to enliven a dull hour, and would recommend those who remember Hichens' "Londoners" with pleasure to get this book at once, for it is the best society light comedy that has recently appeared in print—realities and the reports thereof always excepted.

The Race of Castlebar. By EMILY LAWLESS and SHAN BULLOCK. (John Murray. 6s.)

In an interesting preface the gentler half, so far as sex is concerned, of the collaborating team explains that the study of Irish history had led her to embark upon the present book, and that ill-health had almost caused it to lie marooned upon the sands of neglect, when her male collaborator stepped in and assisted to bring the work to a triumphant finish. The book is one which should be assured of a most cordial welcome. In the first place it is of an order most unusual in these days. There are problems neither of sex nor of socialism in its pages. It is, in fact, a sheer romance, a romance of the kind in which the hero—for he is a true hero—kisses the hand of his lady-love and appears quite satisfied with this procedure. The book, indeed, breathes of country squires, heather, peat, the crossing of swords, and many gallant deeds. Speaking in the ordinary way these instruments of fiction may prove both futile and dangerous implements in the hands of the inexperienced or too enthusiastic writer; but here nothing is overdone. We follow the career of John Bunbury and his journey to the wild Ireland of the Napoleonic days, when that daring French expedition landed upon her shores, with sympathy and keenest interest.

There are some who might complain that the wealth of historical episode is almost too great to be borne by the actual plot of the novel. There may be something in this; but at the same time so entralling is the story of the struggle between the English and the French with their rebel Irish allies, that none has any real right to complain on this head. An unusually intimate acquaintance is shown with the affairs of that dark and blood-stained period, and the tale gains immensely in interest as it is obviously told without prejudice, and with an open mind. The wrongs worked upon each other by the adherents of the different religions are not glossed over nor employed for purposes of partisanship, but are told simply and ably, with the result that the average reader is left with a strong feeling of inclination to pity both and to lament the deep tragedy of those days.

Music

THE sight of starving men and women satisfying their hunger at a bounteous table should be a spectacle quickening to the hearts of the well-fed. But should the hungry ones play the Oliver Twist after an hour and a half of steady consumption, would not surprise, and possibly censure, be pardonable? The case is extremely hypothetical, it will be said, for Nature would interpose with her, "Thus far, and no further," and the emetrical practices of the ancient Romans when they were anxious not to forego the enjoyment of a single dish have long fallen into disuse. This, however, applies only to the satisfaction of bodily cravings, and we would rather speak on the subject of food for the mind. How is it that, with some people, the mind, which should be a more delicate organ than the stomach, never knows when it has had enough? Why, for instance, do we occasionally see men and women, whose countenances do not immediately indicate unreason in the matter of appetite, clamouring for five or six more pieces at the end of a sufficiently long concert? When Mr. Mischa Elman has played them a sonata by Mozart and a sonata by Handel, a concerto by Saint-Saëns, and four less lengthy movements, have not their musical minds been sufficiently fed? Their musical digestion, one supposes, must be of ostrich-like capacity. They leave their seats and cluster in front of the platform, determined not to let the provider of the feast go away until he has set half a dozen more dishes before them.

Those who can always enjoy as much music as they want, still more those who have too frequently had to listen to a great deal more music than they wanted, cannot sympathise with these grosser appetites. Even when, in their desire to be charitable and understanding, they assume that the audience is like to a starving multitude, that there are people who seldom or never get as much music as they need, they cannot explain to themselves why the printed bill of fare is not considered sufficient, when the *chef* who has provided it is called Paderewski or Pachmann, Kreisler or Mischa Elman. For it is your solo-player from whom so much more than he has thought fit to offer is asked. Steinbach and Nickisch are not called upon to play extra symphonies at their concerts, yet are their audiences not less naturally hungry for music. Had we the courage to ask some of the platform-besiegers to explain their actions, the problem might be solved; but we fear that for us it will ever remain insoluble. Mr. Elman, it is true, was in exceptionally good form last Saturday. In beauty of tone and command of variety of tone, in the effortless clearness and cleanliness of his rapid passages, he may fear no rival. Sometimes it is necessary to differ from him in questions of taste, for a simple purity of style is the best of all a performer's gifts. But we could desire nothing better than his broad and healthy playing of Handel's Sonata in G-major. It was as good as his good humour in

responding so unweariedly to the "Give us another" of his pesters at the end.

On the evening of December 4 he who could not be in three places at once had to decide between the rival attractions of "Lohengrin" in English at Covent Garden, Mr. Plunket Greene at *Æolian Hall*, and Herr Eugen Gura at Messrs. Bechstein's. Courtesy to a distinguished foreigner would, no doubt, have decided the question in favour of Herr Gura, but it happened that we had recently heard him, while Mr. Greene is perhaps the most educative of singers, and he was to introduce a new cycle of songs by Stanford. Herr Gura has a voice which, to be honest, we must call disagreeable, and he likes singing those never-ending ballads of Loewe which we have never learned to love. So that it was not precisely with reluctance that we gave up the chance of admiring the masterly use which he certainly makes of his powers, in favour of the Irishman, who never fails to teach us something about the singer's art which we did not know before, and who, like Phyllis, never fails to please. It was possible, also, to hear an hour or so of "Lohengrin" before going to *Æolian Hall*, and judge that, if that performance continued as it began, Miss Granfelt would delight her audience by the charm of her voice and her clear enunciation in the part of Elsa; that the orchestral doings would not be distinguished; and that Mr. John Coates, as Lohengrin, would sing and act very finely indeed. It is one of the mysteries of the British world of music why this admirable native artist should not long ago have become the necessary tenor for German opera in London. His fame is great in Germany and in the "provinces," and it ought to be allowed to become as great on the operatic stage in London.

Mr. Plunket Greene's voice was "under the weather," and he used it so tenderly that sometimes he was only just audible. But then he was never inaudible. There might not be much musical sound, but the word was always intelligible, and there was never need to look at the printed words. He was beginning Mrs. Maude's setting of those haunting verses from Henry Kingsley's "Boy in Grey" about Magdalen at Michael's Gate. At once we knew that the condition of his voice mattered little, for he was in fullest possession of his surest powers of interpretation. And so it proved through the rest of the evening. Not only when he had finished "Magdalen," but after many another song, one thought that it would even be horrible if any other artist, less supreme in sympathy and in power of delineation, should attempt, in our hearing, to sing it. Mr. Greene has an art, akin to that of a great writer, of making you certain that "it happened" and that you were there at the time, by the fire of turf, among the cowslips and the blackberries, at the chapel on the hill, and at the fair, in those songs by Mr. W. M. Letts to which Sir Charles Stanford had set his characteristic and delicately felt music. The concluding song of the cycle is a very fine thing, the "West Wind," a bigger thing than the composer has done for some time in music

of the kind. It goes with a grand sweep and swirl, and here Mr. Greene found amplitude of voice, and was superb in the climax. Among the delightful "traditional" songs, generally humorous, there was a version of "Barbara Ellen" from Scotland, from which it appears that hard-hearted Barbara's repentance was accepted—by Lady Venus, we suppose—and roses grew out of her grave as well as out of her lover's, to twine in a true-love knot. This touching testimony to the sympathy that flowers have with mortals was more justly exhibited in the case of Giles Collins in the song which Miss Martineau heard in "Deerbrook"; for his sweetheart had returned his love, and they both died of it, deserving their twin tower of roses. Cruel Barbara of Scotland deserved that nothing better than nettles should grow out of her grave.

The London Choral Society, indefatigable in the good work of performing compositions of the most modern British school, likes to contrast them with their predecessors of a less adventurous age. Accordingly, at its last concert it gave a symphonic poem, "King Arthur," by Mr. Charlton Speer, and a cantata, "The Eve of St. Agnes," by Mr. J. F. Barnett, as introductory to the work of Messrs. Balfour Gardiner, Jarvis Reed, and Percy Grainger. Mr. Barnett's cantata was described as "new," but it, like Mr. Speer's symphonic poem, belongs to a type of which the twentieth century has, frankly, no need. So that it is unnecessary to discuss these compositions. Was not "Dream Tryst" the poem which first made known the genius of Francis Thompson to Mr. Meynell? We think it was, and could have wished that its setting by Mr. Jarvis Read had, similarly, introduced a composer of the rarer kind of genius. Mr. Read's music is thoughtful and in the best of taste, but not so good as some specimens of his powers which we remember. Perhaps it is an early work, for some of its passages, that at "Souls went palely up the sky," for instance, have not the modern ring about them. Neither Mr. Gardiner's "April" nor Mr. Grainger's "Twilight" and "Brigg Fair" shows those genial composers in any new light, nor do they mark any advance in their art. Like Mr. Augustus John, at the Goupil Gallery, they do what they have done before, instead of moving on to higher things.

A window has been erected at Westward Ho! Church, North Devon, to the memory of the late Mr. Cormell Price, M.A., formerly headmaster of the United Services College, at which Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a student. The window, which is divided into three compartments, each containing a figure of one of the patron saints of the United Kingdom, was designed by Maurice Drake, whose book on English glass was published by Messrs. Werner Laurie last winter, and executed by his brother, Wilfred Drake, the joint authors of "Saints and their Emblems," to be produced in two volumes by the same publisher next year.

Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) for October 1-22, follows an English newspaper in condemning the excessive zeal for sports which now prevails in some quarters. But its attention is chiefly directed to the advocacy of Protection for India as against Free Trade, and to the cause of the Indians in South Africa. As to the former, it is admitted that among educated Indians some are ardent Free Traders, but the majority, it is claimed, desire simple Protection rather than Preferential Tariffs. As to the claim that unrestricted Free Trade will not conduce to the growth of the nascent industries of a country, the question is whether the Protectionists would be content with the Protection of only nascent industries. Some Indian industries have long passed beyond that stage. The South African Indian cause has found a stalwart champion in Lord Ampthill, whose efforts on its behalf are belauded. There is a strong feeling that the Union Government has violated the provisional settlement of 1911, by disregarding the pledges given in respect of the racial bar and the protection of existing rights. Events are occurring so rapidly in South Africa that newspaper comments a month old are as ancient history. We have long noticed the impasse at which the conflicting interests involved have arrived. The feeling in India is rising daily, and nothing but a thorough inquiry, with a desire to reach a conciliatory *modus vivendi*, will meet the present situation. These issues of this review contain much padding in the shape of dreary articles on moral subjects. The action of the Viceroy in directing the release of the accused in the Cawnpore mosque riots has been widely criticised, but is supported in this journal, apparently for the purpose of blaming the Lieutenant-Governor's action. Mr. Lionel Abraham's mission to India, to confer with the officials and railway authorities there about railway finance, is disparaged, as entailing cost to the Indian exchequer. The objection is miserably microscopic. Personal conference may save millions and must promote efficiency.

The *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta) for September-October refers to the scheme of "The Educational Colonies and Self-Supporting Schools Association" about to be started in Bengal with the co-operation of Rabindranath Tagore. The scheme is so roughly outlined that it is hardly intelligible. The main principle appears to be self-support—that the colonists should consume what they produce. Further information would be necessary before an opinion could be hazarded. The question of the Calcutta University lecturers who were vetoed appears to be concluded, but the controversy will have left a scar. A Mahomedan Educational Conference for all India is to meet at Agra in Christmas week, to advance the education of Moslems. A Madras Aryan Club is showing activity in various branches on small means. An Agricultural Conference held at Poona was largely attended under the Governor of Bombay, who has ex-

perience in English agriculture. Technical instruction is being pushed in the United Provinces; a scheme was formed some years ago, and the results have been collated. But the situation is not satisfactory, and another programme has been prepared. A writer suggests that the I.C.S. examination is not so formidable as supposed. It is generally considered a severe ordeal. The Bengali students who went to the relief of the sufferers in the Damodar floods well deserved the commendation they have received. The experiment of extending elementary education in Mysore is being carefully watched. Better provision has been made for post-graduate teaching of 1,005 students at the Calcutta University in eleven branches of study. Other Universities have corresponding provisions. The Hindu and Dacca Universities are being advanced. A Science Congress is contemplated at Calcutta. The facilities offered everywhere for education are multifarious; scholarships, even in architecture, are generally available.

The *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay* for 1913 contains interesting papers on folklore, on the connection of children's games with demon-cultus, the funeral ceremonies of certain Brahmans, sorcery in ancient, mediæval, and modern India, and the Holi festival among the Hindus. Such information has its academical, rather than any practical, merits. All knowledge of the people is to be encouraged. This society consists principally of Indians.

The *Baroda Library Miscellany* (bilingual) for August continues its exposition of the subject of libraries from every point of view. The subject seems inexhaustible. "The Public Library as a Factor of Social Life" is a local production. "Co-operation between the Library and the Book Store" was written apparently at Washington. The library movement in different places in India will have plenty of material for guidance. "The New York State Library" and the "Functions of a University Library" are both helpful, while the numerous library notes and comments supply up-to-date information. One public library mentioned, "aiming at all-round culture of its patrons has provided them with billiard-room, gymnasium, swimming-bath, bowling-alleys, musical organisations, and scientific and literary classes," all-round culture indeed, but surely beyond the duties of a library.

The *Hindustan Review* (Allahabad) for September has a thoughtful but somewhat prejudiced paper on "Indian Progress and Anglo-Indian Opinion," which closes with "the growing estrangement between Indians and Anglo-Indians," the blame, of course, being thrown on the latter. Such analyses do little good, because they are incomplete, one-sided, and not open to cross-examination. The articles on "European Intercourse with India after the Christian Era," "Buddhist History and the Barabar Hills," and "Sir Robert Chambers" contain much historical lore on different topics, which will afford pleasure to many readers. An expert in Indian history and biography will recognise

many familiar facts, but they will be new to the rising generation, and may stimulate other writers to embark on historical investigation. "Scientific Research in India," by a Mahomedan professor, is a plea for his subject, which may be welcomed for its appreciation of scientific training to be acquired practically. A review of Bergson's philosophy by an Indian is so long and diffuse that few will care to read it. The final sentence is not encouraging. "Bergsonianism at its best leads to Vedantic absolutism, and at its worst to primitive spiritism (rehabilitated by Theosophy), passing through a transitional stage of Buddhistic Nihilism, preaching a what-less, whence-less, whitherless tendency." The Travancore census report shows that, in regard to literacy, this State, with Cochin, occupies the foremost place among all Indian States and Provinces. A reviewer of the "India Office List" has pounced upon a number of mistakes in that official production, which ought to be absolutely correct in detail. The "Reviews and Notices" and "Our Library Table" contain the pith of many books, and allusions to more which no one has time to read. The paper by "A District Officer" on "Indian Progress and Anglo-Indian Bureaucracy" supplies something in the shape of refutation of misrepresentations, but might have been made much stronger.

Of Middle Age

OUT of much that is obscure in the mentality of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's immature hero Michael Fane, the reader is shown illumined moments at which the lad realises his own maturing, leaving behind him in the gathering years an awe-inspiring nurse and other bogeys of childhood, then his zest for rare butterflies or stamps, wayward faces for vulgar little girls and other early ailments, and in due course passing through the inevitable phase of school enthusiasm, religious relapse and other periods of those mental moults to which healthier schoolboys than he are subject.

For the adolescent animal, with the world at his feet, such normal evolution of mind and body brings no sadness, but I think that life's barometer touches no depression so low as when a man suddenly realises that he has arrived at Middle Age, the Great Divide, the hilltop of his pilgrimage from the cradle to the coffin. In a sense, the term middle age is a misnomer, since it may not be a half-way house but the final goal. We cannot fix it at five years, as in the case of a toy terrier, or at a hundred, as in that of a Galapagos tortoise. Mercifully, no man knows when the black camel will kneel at his door, and in short we reckon middle age from the beginning. Doubtless also its relation to the zenith of a man's powers varies with the individual, but, without special reference to such personal equation, it implies the point at which he begins to decline.

The painful truth of it comes borne to everyone, not perhaps with bier and pall, yet by tokens that are undeniably a foretaste of the journey's ending. Gone is

the old zest for play, and if there should survive a yet more passionate application to work, this but emphasises the sadness of his state. Even the radiant glamour of foreign travel begins to wane, and the only game which may still find him on the active list is golf, which, compared with cricket or polo, is hardly a game at all. Love? if he has waited so long for it, he is like to take it very badly, as his contemporaries take the whooping-cough or measles, all of them ailments that, like temper in dogs, must be got over in the heyday. He finds himself on the shelf. He is bitterly sensible of being left behind, at once too old and too young to get full measure out of life, reluctant to renounce the pleasures of youth and not yet vouchsafed the solace of age.

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many familiar facts, but they will be new to the rising generation, and may stimulate other writers to embark on historical investigation. "Scientific Research in India," by a Mahomedan professor, is a plea for his subject, which may be welcomed for its appreciation of scientific training to be acquired practically. A review of Bergson's philosophy by an Indian is so long and diffuse that few will care to read it. The final sentence is not encouraging. "Bergsonianism at its best leads to Vedantic absolutism, and at its worst to primitive spiritism (rehabilitated by Theosophy), passing through a transitional stage of Buddhistic Nihilism, preaching a what-less, whence-less, whitherless tendency." The Travancore census report shows that, in regard to literacy, this State, with Cochin, occupies the foremost place among all Indian States and Provinces. A reviewer of the "India Office List" has pounced upon a number of mistakes in that official production, which ought to be absolutely correct in detail. The "Reviews and Notices" and "Our Library Table" contain the pith of many books, and allusions to more which no one has time to read. The paper by "A District Officer" on "Indian Progress and Anglo-Indian Bureaucracy" supplies something in the shape of refutation of misrepresentations, but might have been made much stronger.

Of Middle Age

OUT of much that is obscure in the mentality of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's immature hero Michael Fane, the reader is shown illumined moments at which the lad realises his own maturing, leaving behind him in the gathering years an awe-inspiring nurse and other bogeys of childhood, then his zest for rare butterflies or stamps, wayward faces for vulgar little girls and other early ailments, and in due course passing through the inevitable phase of school enthusiasm, religious relapse and other periods of those mental moults to which healthier schoolboys than he are subject.

For the adolescent animal, with the world at his feet, such normal evolution of mind and body brings no sadness, but I think that life's barometer touches no depression so low as when a man suddenly realises that he has arrived at Middle Age, the Great Divide, the hilltop of his pilgrimage from the cradle to the coffin. In a sense, the term middle age is a misnomer, since it may not be a half-way house but the final goal. We cannot fix it at five years, as in the case of a toy terrier, or at a hundred, as in that of a Galapagos tortoise. Mercifully, no man knows when the black camel will kneel at his door, and in short we reckon middle age from the beginning. Doubtless also its relation to the zenith of a man's powers varies with the individual, but, without special reference to such personal equation, it implies the point at which he begins to decline.

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To criticise this collection fully in the space at our command is impossible. Its professed aim is to represent "Woman and Child in Art"; but this is really its secondary merit. Its principal interest is that it is gloriously representative and well balanced. It would be possible to pass a fair general judgment upon the English School, at least, from the examples here shown, and to estimate them in their order of relative importance. Again, many of these works are now being shown for the first time. One is tempted to speculate in how many cases this is merely the prelude to their disappearance across the ocean. The sight of the Panshanger Madonna reminds the beholder that its companion picture has similarly fallen a prey for such a price as only millionaires can offer. The vanished masterpiece had been an heirloom in the family since 1780. There is no doubt that one of the factors in the diminishing respect in which our ancient families are held to-day is their general repudiation of all sense of responsibility and trusteeship for the treasures which they have inherited.

The series of British portraits begins with Isaac Oliver, better known as a miniaturist, and spans the whole eighteenth century. His fine equestrian portrait of Henry, Prince of Wales, the son of James I, combines the stiffness of the art of that day with the marvellous rendering of texture and detail generally, together with strong character. Hogarth is represented by three examples, one of which, the portrait of an unknown lady, is a superb specimen of his art at its best, broadly painted, and expressive in the highest degree. Gainsborough has to his credit several excellent pictures; the most striking is the full-length of the Duchess of Richmond, though we fancy that the restorer must take some of the blame for the extreme redness of her hair, which offers a rather violent contrast with its surroundings. The picture shows all the painter's easy mastery of pose and drapery and colour, and, the hair notwithstanding, is a joy to look upon. Very touching, imbued with all the affection that he was wont to throw into such portraits, is his beautiful picture of his two daughters. It has passed through the hands of five collectors, and still retains its charm. There is another fine picture by the same master of his younger daughter, an unfinished half-length, seated and playing a guitar; notable for much the same qualities as the foregoing, and seeming somehow to gain by its incompleteness—a very beautiful work. The protean genius of Sir Joshua finds expression in curiously different works; one or two it is hardly possible to believe are his at all; others reflect the styles of one or other of his great contemporaries—thus Gainsborough is suggested in the picture of two children running with a dog, in a landscape (90), a beautiful picture, and unusually good for Sir Joshua in its rendering of movement. But in this exhibition, as always, Sir Joshua is weak in his presentation of children, and is distanced by such lesser lights as Hoppner and Romney. There

are several works by Hoppner, marked by his characteristic inequality, but consistently good as regards the children, who are always wistful and natural. In this realisation he comes near to standing pre-eminent, rivalled—and sometimes excelled—only by Romney and, in his best moments, by Raeburn.

Sir Joshua's portrait of Mary Horneck is in his happiest vein—everybody loved the Hornecks, he himself not least, for their mother was his old friend. He painted them in their girlhood; and Hoppner, also upon close terms of friendship with them, painted them in mature life—there are few more quietly pathetic pictures than that which he produced of this same young lady when she had become Mrs. Gwyn, after life had set upon her its seal of trouble and suffering. Raeburn is fairly represented, and Romney by a picture famous in engravings, but never, we believe, exhibited before in public, that of Lady Hamilton as "The Ambassador." Though not marked by "the first fine carelessness rapture" of his earlier presentments of the "divine Emma," it is a fine work. The flattering portrait of Queen Charlotte shows Lawrence at his best, brilliantly clever, if uninspired; but against it we have to set his full-length of the Countess of Dysart, which is appalling in its badness. And there need be no hesitation in concurring with the owner of the picture in attributing to Lawrence the hot and tricky work called "The Cavendish Children"; he is a poor friend to Hoppner who would father the work needlessly upon him, as certain of our critics would do.

Of the older pictures we must perforce speak briefly. The little Raphael from Panshanger hardly shows him at his best. Luini is represented by a delightful little portrait in his most delicate style; there are some brilliant works by Antonio Moro; a wonderful "Leda" by Tintoretto; a delicate little Madonna by Titian; and the famous "Lucretia" of Lorenzo Lotto—to name only a few. The Flemish masters have to their credit a charming little work by Pieter De Hooch, "The Golf-players," in which the human interest of the two quite ugly, but very childlike, children is permitted to take precedence of their architectural setting in a way none too common among the Dutch painters. And, lastly, there is a noble Velasquez, a full-length of Isabella of Bourbon—a work which we should like to discuss at much greater length than space permits. The collection is a fine one, and is worthy of more than a single visit.

The Children's Theatre will open on December 29, at the Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, with daily matinées. Miss Netta Syrett will produce a triple bill including "The Fairy Doll," "The Strange Boy," and "The Enchanted Garden," and Mrs. Percy Dearmer a play entitled "Kit and the Gockyolly Bird: An Adventure in Five Scenes," with music by Mr. Martin Shaw. The scenes are laid in the nursery, the North Pole, Japan, and a cannibal island.

The Theatre

"Mr. Wu" at the Strand Theatre

MANY people think that the most delightful hours spent at the theatre are those which take us furthest from everyday life—this is a poor compliment to our ordinary existence, but let that stand.

The Anglo-Chinese play written by Mr. Harry M. Vernon and Mr. Harold Owen transports us to the Hong-Kong of to-day, and gives us three acts of more or less exciting adventure in a world where the East and West meet with a considerable impact. Young Basil Gregory, Mr. Evan Thomas, the son of an ultra-British and extremely disagreeable head of the Gregory Steamship Company, Mr. Leslie Carter, becomes the lover of the only daughter of a Chinese mandarin, Wu Li Chang. Nang Ping, who is played by Miss Hilda Bayley, is beautiful beyond the most refined Celestial dreams; but Basil has loved and wants to ride away. The immensely haughty and powerful Mr. Wu returns home suddenly and discovers the affair. We gather that the tender Nang Ping is put to death—quite quietly, as becomes a famous mandarin's family—but then the point arises as to how Wu Li shall revenge his honour and that of his ancestors. He has had all the advantages, as some people think them, of a European education; he is no longer content with slaying. Basil's mother is young and fair to look upon—for she is Miss Lilian Braithwaite—it is her dishonour which shall wipe out Basil's unfortunate love affair, as we should say in our European way.

This may sound a little like melodrama, but, if you will see what Mr. Matheson Lang can do with the character of Wu, you will be convinced, we think, of the poignant tragedy which underlies this always interesting play.

"The Yellow Jacket" gave us many of the pleasant qualities of an old Chinese play; "The Typhoon" showed us modern Japan in Europe, but "Mr. Wu" is even more vital than either of these. It connects England with China, and very successfully displays the happenings which are likely to occur when two such determined and different races come to close quarters. The British brutality and our supposed ignorance of Chinese ideals and etiquette is a little overdone; the super-cunning of a highly born mandarin of the present day in Hong-Kong is slightly exaggerated, but these accentuations doubtless cause the drama to be more telling and give the actors an easier victory. As to the plot, a skilful solution is found for the terrible situation in which Mrs. Gregory finds herself, owing to her desire to save her son, and the last tableau shows us Basil restored to his mother. The power of ready invention shown by the authors in the third act might appear rather too slick and mechanical in an English play, but surrounded as this scene is with all the

glamour of Chinese cultivation and immemorial artistry, it holds and pleases us throughout. Excellently planned as is the play, a heavy labour lies upon the shoulders of whoever plays the name-part of Mr. Wu. In this character Mr. Matheson Lang appears to the greatest advantage. The last time we saw him in "The Barrier" we remarked on the enormous advances he had made in his art, but his modern Chinese mandarin—it is a Chinese play, as he said in a little speech, without a pig-tail—far outshines any of his previous performances.

If the play were not so clever, if the decorations of the garden and of the private room at Kow Loon were not so agreeable, if Miss Braithwaite as Mrs. Gregory and Miss Bayley as Nang Ping were not entirely graceful and compelling, then "Mr. Wu" would still be worth half a dozen visits, if only to see and hear Mr. Matheson Lang's impersonation of a modern cultivated Chinese whose heart and soul are saturated with the ages-old spirit of the East.

The appearance of a first night's audience is often enthusiastic, for there is, to say the least, electricity in the air on these occasions, but on the first night of "Mr. Wu" the cheering was real. We hope we may congratulate Mr. Louis Meyer on one more brilliant success; his fine production certainly merits the attention of all playgoers.

The Repertory Season at the St. James's Theatre

"THE WILD DUCK."

TO those who look with awe and wonder to some of our modern playwrights, the production of such a play by Ibsen as the famous "Wild Duck" must have much the same effect as a sudden cold douche. Those who now see the tragi-comedy for the first time under the excellent conditions arranged by Mr. Granville Barker will realise how much the moderns owe to this already antique personality—Dr. Ibsen. Where would they be, the fresh, familiar features of the advance guard of English playwrights if it were not for the revolution that Ibsen wrought on the English drama, with the aid of such a far-seeing enthusiast as Mr. William Archer?

We remember the first production in London and the amusing wordy battles that followed it in the far-off nineties of the last century. Even their echoes are lost to-day, and with them some of the interest in what was theatrically and morally an epoch-making event of our youth.

"The Wild Duck" of to-day is not the same affair. We judge it as a play in a style we are more or less accustomed to see, not as the wild cry of an evangelist who came to deliver us from the mid-Victorian stupidities—the deadly grip of such plays as "Caste," the hollowness of Sardou.

In choosing this tragi-comedy for the first production

of his all too short repertory season, Mr. Granville Barker shows his usual boldness, for, although it is a play in which many delight and has been of immense value to those who have eyes to see, it is a rather confusing, rather incoherent piece of work in the earlier acts to those who come freshly to it. As the story of wrecked lives gradually develops, it holds every lover of drama, but even the interview between the elder Werle, Mr. Herbert Hewetson, and his son Gregers. Mr. Harcourt Williams, the man who has long ago wrought evil, and the young enthusiast who means to set it right, does not convince. It is the household of the weak and amusing Hjalmar Ekdal, Mr. Leon Quartermaine, to whom Werle has long ago married a discarded mistress that so greatly interests, and into which Gregers, with his claim of the ideal, stumbles and makes such bitter tragedy. From the third act —there are five—the drama is quick enough, and, if Ibsen began by laughing at his own ideals, he ends as only an accomplished dramatist could. On the first night here the acting was rather interesting than perfect. Our own idea of a repertory theatre is one wherein the members of a gifted company, such as the present, are all perfectly at home in their parts and there is a sensation of conviction in the air.

"The Wild Duck" is a difficult play for such a purpose. We are not allowed to be very intimate with the people, of whose views we gather a good deal. We should be more absorbed in their lives if we could hope to know to what world they belong. They are certainly not examples of universal types as at present shown to us. Werle is a sensual and sensible old fellow, with the appearance of a *démodé* caricature of an Englishman in Paris. Gina, Miss Clare Greet, the one-time simple-minded mistress of the elder Werle, is shown as a kind old cockney laundress. Young Ekdal is not unlike in manner and make-up to the Polish-Parisian poet in "Typhoon." Old Ekdal is German. The character we now find most powerful, Dr. Relling, Mr. Baliol Holloway, might well be an embittered English professional man. Mrs. Sörby, Miss Evelyn Weeden, the elder Werle's later mistress and future wife; Gregers, the wrecker of conventional and convenient lies; Hedvig, the pathetic daughter of Werle and Gina, Miss Gladys Wills; and the unpleasant drunken parson, might be Scandinavian. Taken together, they clash and confuse us, but many parts are acted with power and skill, especially by Mr. Holloway, Mr. Hewetson, Miss Wills, and Miss Clare Greet. Mr. Quartermaine and Mr. Williams, the two heroes, as it were, of the play, paid us the compliment of supposing we knew the words of the dialogue so well that they need not trouble very much about them.

Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco, announce the early publication of "Out of Bondage," a volume of poems by Fanny Hodges Newman. The poems, which have been very highly commended, are to appear in a beautiful, limited edition, printed on hand-made paper, and bound in Lombardia boards, vellum back.

"Quality Street" at the Duke of York's Theatre

LIKE "Mr. Wu," and yet as unlike as Chinese is to the English of George III, Sir James Barrie's engaging romance effectively removes one from the life that surrounds us. Unlike almost every play written ten or so years ago, "Quality Street" comes to us again as freshly as the spring, as full of gaiety, hopefulness, and pathos as the confidences of a beloved child. If one may judge by the attitude of the audience, this delicate and happily conceived comedy has come to London again for a long and welcome visit.

We may not be able to turn Sir James' work inside out and point to it as flawless—that would be an absurd endeavour, however tempting—but while we watch its action we feel nothing but delight in the generous, kindly spirit which lies there inherent; nothing but affection for the diverse, amusing, and often nearly tragic characters whose lives he portrays with his gentle magician's pen.

Everyone, we suppose, knows the story of how ambition and ten years of the Napoleonic wars nearly robbed the sweetest of ladies of the man she thought of as her lover. How she seemed a little old to him on his return, how she thought to win his notice and punish him as her own niece, how in the end he loved her better than ever—all this happening the while her lovable elder sister watches and takes part in the comedy which comes so near to tragic issues.

We may not find the psychology of Phœbe Throssel and Valentine Brown written according to modern rule. We may feel something more than doubt if, in given circumstances, many of the characters would act just after the fashion the author wishes them to do. But go to the play, and you will not be inclined to analyse the matter in the least, but be only too glad to accept things as they are and to enjoy one of the most polished and pleasure-giving comedies that has been written in our time.

Does this sound too hyperbolic for the twentieth century? If so, it must be remembered that the play deals with life at the beginning of the nineteenth, and that Miss Nina Boucicault and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt are, respectively, the elderly and the younger Miss Throssel.

Miss Boucicault's Susan is the crown and glory of her sensitive and brilliant art: thus to subdue herself to the character of the dove-like yet joyous creature whose innocent heart is as young at fifty as at seventeen, to be able to give us so complete a picture of her sweetness without one moment of surfeit, is a victory as great, in its way, as that of Sir James. The present Susan Throssel could make the play for us, but the whole company is excellent. Miss Nesbitt as Phœbe and Mr. Godfrey Tearle as Captain Brown bring with them some touch of modernity, but not so much as to take them out of the picture, although it is enough to give strength and point to many of the more serious

passages. Miss Louie Pounds is the most delightful servant of the Jane Austen period; her every word and action help to build up the vraisemblance of this elegant picture of older fashions seen through a veil of agreeable sentiment. Mr. Tully, who was so splendid in Mr. Kipling's little play at the Royalty, is a highly entertaining recruiting sergeant, and the many maiden and highly respectable ladies who come in and out of the action are most skilfully shown us by Miss Mary Barton, Miss Susan Richmond, Miss Martin Harvey, and Miss Marie Hemingway. Except for those who must have sterner stuff for their dramatic fare, we can imagine no more delightful play than "Quality Street" as it is now presented. We could go on writing on the subject, but all we have to say for Sir James Barrie's play and the company by which it is enacted is "praise, praise, praise."

Hardy Dramatised: "The Woodlanders"

THE performance of Mr. Thomas Hardy's "The Woodlanders," adapted by Mr. A. H. Evans, was given on Monday last by the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society at the Cripplegate Institute. This excellent Society has made a feature of producing a Hardy play every year, both in Dorchester and London, for some time past. If we may judge from the large and responsive audiences, the players' work has been fully appreciated, and will be eagerly looked forward to in the future.

It must have been no easy task for Mr. Evans to dramatise one of the finest and most subtle of the Wessex novels. He has, as on previous occasions, used considerable licence, leaving out many striking scenes, inventing others, such as Percomb dressing Mrs. Charmond's hair—her own and Marty South's—and converting Giles Winterborne's Christmas party into a rollicking farce. We appreciate the difficulties and approve the way he has knit the story together for presentation on the stage; nevertheless we still maintain that, with the exception of "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "The Three Strangers," Mr. Hardy's work loses considerably when it is given before the footlights. It is inevitable that this should be so, for the work is too spacious, too closely bound up with every mood of Nature, to lend itself to the conventionalities of stagecraft. The characters, as they move across the boards, are only faint shadows of the originals, and the play, while preserving the main outline of the story, only tends to prove, if proof were needed, how great is the art of Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Mr. Evans knows his audience. He is aware how ready it is to laugh and clap at anything humorous, and perhaps he knows to his sorrow that this genial assembly of Dorset people is sometimes apt to laugh at the

wrong time! He is too lavish with his comedy, too inclined to over-emphasise various drolleries as if Mr. Hardy were first and foremost a humorist of country life. Mr. T. Pouncy, as Robert Creedle, has done much better work in other plays, particularly in "The Mellstock Quire." His high-pitched voice and Dorset accent are still inimitable, but Mr. Evans has taken away the quiet humour that Mr. Hardy gave Winterborne's faithful henchman, and simply made him a clown who wins shrieks of laughter when he wets the pastry of a pie with his finger or chases a refractory pudding round the room. In the novel itself there is no farce. Mr. Hardy's wood and woodlanders are in harmony one with the other, and the pervading atmosphere is that of autumn and winter, and not of joyous spring. The trees sigh and groan, and so, for the most part, do the characters, driven by the wind of fate and buffeted by passion, that pass beneath their branches. Only once does Mr. Evans catch the real spirit of "The Woodlanders," and that is when he makes Marty South talk to Giles of the time when they planted young larches together.

Mr. Dunn's Dr. Fitzpiers was anything but satisfactory, and he altogether failed to suggest the clever philandering medical man of the novel. The way he looked when he said: "I don't want to compromise you, Felice," and the manner in which he rattled through his lines immediately after a serious accident, to say nothing of the sponging incident, and the way he seemed to try how many doors he could open before concealing himself from observation, awakened considerable mirth. Miss Hodges's interpretation of Mrs. Charmond was lacking in subtlety. She succeeded in affecting languor admirably, but Mrs. Charmond, as Mr. Hardy created her, was something more than a Lydia Languish. She should have been voluptuous, but this was a characteristic entirely lacking in the play. Mr. Martin's Giles Winterborne was excellent; so, too, was the Grace Melbury of Miss Hill, especially in the closing scene when she cries from the hut to her lover: "Come to me! I don't mind what they say or what they think any more." It is the Marty South of Miss Bugler that deserves special praise. She acted throughout with restraint, and really suggested one of the most pathetic characters in fiction, and certainly one of the most haunting of the Wessex books. She was, however, much too pretty for the part, for in the novel Marty observes to Grace Melbury, after Giles's death: "He belongs to neither of us now, and your beauty is no more powerful with him than my plainness." But Miss Bugler has portrayed the greatness of that simple soul who cried at the last with such pathos and with such a sudden blaze of love: "Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name let me forget home and heaven! . . . But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!"

F. H. D.

Vanity

IT is not necessarily to agree with the weary-souled conclusion of the preacher that "all is vanity" to assert that everyone is vain. Of human failings vanity is the most universal and the least harmful: at its best, it is a source of light entertainment; at its worst it is merely ludicrous. In some of its aspects vanity rises to the eminence of an admirable virtue, and rarely, if ever, falls to the level of things detestable. It is as far removed from conceit as champagne is from ginger ale; for with conceit there is an excess of gas and little pleasant flavour, while vanity is so delicious to the mental palate that the windiness is forgotten in the enjoyment of the incomparable bouquet. The habit of classing vanity with errors of conduct is a bad one and should be discouraged, for, without it, social life would lose one of its pleasantest ingredients; and the world would soon come to regard modesty in the light of a distasteful virtue. Indeed, modesty depends for the esteem in which it is held upon a proper estimate of its antithetical cousin.

In the domain of literature vanity is proverbially a mandarin of immense importance. It finds expression in a myriad ways, and almost invariably in a good cause. When pedantry has showered wise advice upon genius, pointing out that this departure from the customary order of things is intolerable, that irregularity is contrary to traditional usage, and, generally, that every divergence from rule is a lamentable error; vanity has arisen at the side of genius and saved many a classic masterpiece from ruinous distortion. It is one of the supreme tests of the greatness of Burns that, when under the intoxicating influence of his Edinburgh period, he had the strength and balance to ignore the frail sensibilities of the hothouse school of critics, and trusting the promptings of his native vanity, uncompromisingly refused to subject his more daring poems to the diluting process which his counsellors advised. Carlyle would never have maintained his stern struggle against misunderstanding without the help of his innate vanity. This it was that gave him the courage to call his denouncers hard names; and, even after "Sartor Resartus" had exterminated *Fraser's Magazine* and been received as "a heap of clotted nonsense," to declare that: "It was the best he had in him, what God had given, and which the devil cannot take away!"

None but those whose minds are fettered by a false conception of reverence can hold themselves from admiring the dramatic spectacle of Cain nursing his wounded vanity beside his neglected sacrifice; and who can help praising St. Paul for those bell-like words beginning, "I have fought the good fight," in which one hears the man crying to his friends for confirmation of his splendid vanity? Courage, and not folly, alone makes vanity possible; heroes of legend and history are all vain, swaggering blades, while your traitor or coward was over-modest in a cringing fashion. Of the select band of literary heroes none excels Shakespeare in straightforward vanity. He knew that he had

created an immortality for himself, but instead of nursing this belief in his private bosom, he flung it down with magnificent unconcern in that vain fifty-fifth sonnet for the world to scorn, or mock, or what it would:

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme. . .

A modest enough assertion, suggesting the possibility that, if Milton were right in declaring that fame is "the last infirmity of noble minds," then vanity must be their penultimate weakness.

In modern times such superb vanity is not often to be met with among literary men. Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson and Meredith were undoubtedly possessed of no mean estimation of their own powers; but even such giants were constrained by the sentiment of the Victorian era to maintain a discreet silence, even while their creative spirits cried aloud for confirmation of their high self-esteem. Stevenson was a trifle bolder, and in his naïve belittlements of his own work and art, was really voicing his vanity in a back-handed fashion. Or recall in the essay in which he tells how he acquired his style, the words: "That, like it or not, is the way to learn to write"—therein is vanity that scorns your disapproval. The one living writer who is really vain is one who will rebut the accusation in dismay—Mr. Arnold Bennett. Those who read his reviews under the pseudonym "Jacob Tonson," or his more recent literary essays, must have detected in these this glorious weakness. And only the other day, he gave himself away by vainly refusing to allow his portrait to appear in a book, entitled "Men of Genius."

In diametric contrast with this vanity there is that advertising conceit of certain other authors, who, lacking in inherent qualities of greatness, play the sedulous ape to great spirits who have gone before, even mimicking their pattern's physical peculiarities so long and earnestly, that at last they come to believe that through this and the agency of cinematograph films, advertising campaigns, and indecent sensation, they have attained to the plane of the great one whose memory they have debased by imitation. To compare such an one with a sublimely vain man is to discover how essentially vanity differs from conceit: a vain person is never conceited, a conceited man can never be truly vain.

Vanity addresses you with a radiant impertinence; conceit comes forward with a self-conscious smirk; vanity struts through the world indifferent to praise or blame; conceit swaggers through the market-place crying aloud for commendation; vanity is a delicate pride in qualities and attainments actually possessed; conceit is a lion's skin assumed to hide an unmistakable ass. The difference is the same as that which separates a boaster from a braggart; the boaster glories in deeds that he has done, the braggart, in heroisms which have yet to be performed.

In its ultimate analysis, vanity is the outcome of a consciousness of power, of superiority; it is the expression of a being surprised to find itself as capable as it

is: in a word, vanity is an unconscious carol of praise by the creature to its Creator for gifts and benefits received. It is a fair and delicate kind of self-respect which glories delightfully in excellence achieved.

A. H. D.

Notes and News

The Democratic *Volks Zeitung*, Berlin, for November 25, reports on the intention on the part of leading German politicians, scientists, learned and literary men, artists, officials, of all parties, to submit an address to the German Reichstag on its reassembly, expressing sympathy with the idea of an international understanding between the Great Powers raised at the Berne Conference, Whitsun, 1913, and urging the Government in their turn to approach the question.

The National-Liberal *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* for November 16 reports on a lecture delivered by Professor Sieper at the Munich University, on "Social Work Done by the English Universities," with special reference to Oxford and Cambridge. He enlarges on the beneficial work done by settlements like Oxford and Cambridge House, Toynbee Hall, and the People's Palace, and points to the fact that the two last-named institutions have served as models for the new People's Homes that have lately been established in Germany.

Professor C. M. Gayley, of the University of California, is issuing a second volume of "Representative English Comedies." The aim of the undertaking is to indicate the development of this branch of dramatic art by means of a selection of suitable specimens, arranged, when possible, in the order of their production, and accompanied by critical and historical studies. Volume I covered the period "From the Beginnings to Shakespeare"; this present instalment treats of "The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare: Ben Jonson and Others." The volume is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. very shortly.

The Channel Tunnel Company have just published an illustrated pamphlet containing a full account of the scheme, as it is now being considered by the Committee of Imperial Defence. Special articles have been contributed by Lord Sydenham, formerly secretary of that body, also by other well-known authorities, and particular attention is devoted to the questions of national defence and food supply. Baron Emile d'Erlanger, chairman of the company, deals exhaustively with the military, financial, and commercial aspects of the scheme, and Sir Francis Fox with its engineering details. The memorandum which Lord Wolseley presented to the Joint Select Committee of 1883 is reproduced, together with the papers prepared at the same period by Major-General Sir Andrew Clarke, General Sir John Adye, and General Sir Patrick McDougal.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE WAR AGAINST MILITARISM.

In his speech to the Reichstag on Tuesday the German Chancellor reflected the calm which at present characterises the international situation. The student of affairs will doubtless be struck with the coincidence that such tranquillity, as far as foreign affairs are concerned, should be accompanied by the exhibition of disquieting symptoms in regard to the internal affairs of more than one European country. In an article dealing somewhat discursively with the general outlook our own political crisis need not be dwelt upon. France is in the throes of domestic turmoil, and there the singular circumstance is to be witnessed of the accession to power of a Cabinet that is out of keeping both with Presidential and public opinion. The German crisis may temporarily subside, but it will not disappear finally until it is solved in a sense favourable to the people. That it is destined to be prolonged is evident from the stern reply of the Chancellor to the speech of the Socialist, Herr Scheidemann. "I should like once more," declared Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, "to asseverate with all emphasis that I will oppose a determined contradiction to every attempt to restrict the right of the Emperor as defined by the Constitution. In such attempts you will come up against unflinching resistance. Moreover, the great majority of the German people will not desire that the Imperial power should be placed under Socialist compulsion." This last remark of the Chancellor was recognised as an adroit appeal to the loyal elements in the Reichstag.

This issue, however, is not so narrow as such tactics would seem to convey. The Socialists are not the only party in Germany who resent ministerial dictatorship. No amount of specious argument can conceal the truth that in the debate over the unhappy incidents at Zabern an overwhelming majority of the Reichstag declared against the policy of the Chancellor, and it was fully expected that the Chancellor, having lost the confidence of the nation, would resign. But the Chancellor did not even tender his resignation, and it is now abundantly clear that his attitude in this respect was consistent with the Imperial will. Thus the letter of the Constitution which sets forth that Ministers are alone responsible to the Emperor has been strictly adhered to, and once more the Reichstag having barked has not been allowed to bite. The rebuff to the Chamber elected by the people cannot in the nature of things be final. Indeed, far from re-asserting in enduring form the principle of monarchical autocracy it has marked the opening in earnest of the struggle for a government that will be something more than a mere debating school—a government responsible not to the Throne, but to the people.

It is perhaps unfortunate for Germany as a nation

that the struggle should have been quickened as a consequence of a quarrel between the military and the civil elements. Yet, in another sense, for the people no better starting point could have been chosen; for outside its legitimate sphere, that of war, the dictatorship of the sword is indefensible in these enlightened days. We can imagine that the march of events in the neighbouring Empire will be watched with interest and not a little anxiety in Russia. The Reichstag of Germany, as a representative Assembly, is innocuous enough, but in comparison the Duma of Russia is merely a whispering gallery. In Germany Ministers can with impunity be rudely criticised—not so in Russia. Recently a member of the Duma made a somewhat violent attack upon the Minister of Justice, and until the offender apologised in the Chamber, a not inconsiderable period intervening, all the Ministers steadfastly refused to attend and give the necessary explanations of their policy. Between the absolute autocracy of Russia and the benevolent autocracy of Germany there is much in common. The German authorities co-operate with the Russian officials by examining all passports on their side of the frontier, and frequently refusing political refugees asylum, they push them over the frontier into the waiting arms of the Russian gendarmes. It is not difficult to realise, therefore, that the rise of democracy in Germany will cause Russian Absolutism to quake.

Farther east—in Japan—the German crisis will also be critically watched. Japan adopted the Prussian Constitution as a model, and is now herself in the throes of a struggle similar to that in progress in Germany. In Germany, Russia and Japan, three great military Powers, where the military caste may be said at the moment to be uppermost, the demand for government by the people is growing. As far as Russia is concerned the movement is slow, but nevertheless its ultimate success is as sure as is early success in the same direction in the other two countries named. In all three countries the armies are composed of conscripts. Therefore in each case, excluding the officers, representative of the ruling classes, the army is the people. It would, no doubt, be an exaggeration to say that the trend which we have noted indicates human revolt against the profession of arms and makes directly for universal peace and brotherhood. Nevertheless, it may be urged that where a nation resents within itself the oppression of the sword it will be slow to employ that weapon lightly against a neighbour. And here we cannot refrain from drawing attention to another trend, the positive trend towards the limitation of armaments in the Anglo-Saxon nations of the world. The United States has endorsed Mr. Churchill's plea for a naval construction holiday. Whatever then, in the heat of party controversy, may be thought of the results of representative government where it is to be seen in its fullest application, England and America, this much must be conceded: that it aims with sincere purpose and practical suggestion at the promotion of international amity.

MOTORING

THE rumour that in all probability the motorist would have to pay threepence per gallon more for his petrol in the near future appears to have been premature. It was based upon the fact that the contracts recently completed between the principal importing concerns and the retailers embodied an advance to the extent indicated, but according to an official announcement does not necessarily imply that an increase to the ordinary consumer is contemplated, and *The Motor* "hopes and believes" that there is no intention to interfere with the ruling prices of petrol to the ordinary consumer, as a rise of 3d. per gallon in fuel at the present stage of motoring would be a very serious matter to the motor industry. The private motorist also hopes that there is no intention to increase the price of the spirit, but it is as well to bear in mind that a rise to the retailers has always been followed by a corresponding rise to the consumer, and it is not obvious why there should be any exception in this case. It seems hardly likely that the retailer will remain content with such a substantial diminution of his profits.

The very great amount of interest being taken in the finding of a solution of the motor fuel problem was evidenced by the crowded state of the lecture theatre of the Institution of Electrical Engineers on Friday evening of last week, when Sir Boerton Redwood, the famous authority on petroleum, delivered his presidential address. After giving statistics and facts showing the world's production of petroleum, Sir Boerton pointed out that it was the enormous development of the road motor vehicle which had resulted in the present extraordinary position of the demand for oil exceeding the supply. In the United States—the greatest petrol producing country—the exports of spirits were rapidly diminishing owing to the huge home consumption, and motor spirit was already being imported from other countries. Perhaps the most interesting portion of his address was that dealing with the possibilities of benzol as a motor fuel. After stating that it had been proved to be a successful substitute for petroleum spirit, he pointed out that the at present inadequate supplies could be greatly increased if recovery plant were provided in connection with coke ovens, but it was indispensable that the coke should be of good quality. He also stated that it might be possible so to treat some of the inferior kinds of coal at present unusable as fuel so as to produce benzol. As a matter of fact, the use of benzol as a motor spirit is very much more extensive than is generally known. At the present moment there are nearly 1,000 garages and depots in *The Motor's* list of firms who are now regularly supplying the home-made spirit to the private motorist.

Private motorists throughout India and Africa have recently received from the local representatives of a very well-known tyre company a printed circular which has evoked some very unpleasant comments upon its standard of commercial ethics. An extract from it reads:—"... As a motorist, we presume you read

of the unofficial grooved tyre test, which resulted as follows: Dunlop Grooved, 3,789 miles; Continental three-ribbed, 3,272 miles; Victor Grooved, 3,130 miles; Michelin Square Tread, 1,215 miles. We do not think this needs further comment." There are others, including all lovers of fair play as well as the makers of the tyre which won the tyre test referred to, who think it does. It will readily be recollected that the test in question was one of the three types of tyres manufactured by four of the leading makers, and that the make which secured the biggest aggregate mileage was to be adjudged the winner. Owing to an accident to the test car, the Victor tyre only secured third place in the grooved section of the trial, but it was an easy winner in the steel-studded and plain sections, and topped the list in the matter of aggregate mileage. The circular under criticism makes no reference to the two rounds in which the Victor won, nor to aggregate mileage, and is obviously intended to create the impression that the Dunlop was the winner of the test. This is not the policy one expects from a British company of worldwide reputation, and we are glad to learn that the directors over here have expressed disapproval of the action of their local agents, and issued instructions for the withdrawal of the circular.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE markets remain dull. I see no chance of any improvement before the New Year. Even when 1914 comes only the optimist looks for a boom. Great Britain, it is true, has made plenty of money—she has not over-gambled—only over-invested. But the rest of the world has done very foolish things—France especially. I can find a clean slate nowhere. Now finance is international, and the follies of one country are visited upon another. Therefore I am afraid that we shall get no improvement in general markets. But we may see special booms in special shares. Clever brokers and jobbers may engineer spurts and thus land the rash, but cautious people always keep away from one-man markets.

The new issues have gone very badly indeed. The Erlanger Argentine offers have been neglected. Canada is believed to be on the edge of financial collapse, and the Canadian Government competing with the City of Toronto came a cropper. Underwriters were left with 83 per cent. Indeed, it is very clear that the British investor will have nothing to do with any foreign security, nor even with any colonial bond and stock. He likes good sound home industrials, and he takes them quite greedily. The Argentine Navigation issue was not attractive because finance in the Argentine is in a dangerous condition. But the company is sound enough in itself. The Trhelkeld Lead Mines need worry no one. It is one of those rank speculations that only appeal to the reckless gambler, who usually loses his money. Kirkland Lake Proprietary appears to be a venture supported by speculators who desire

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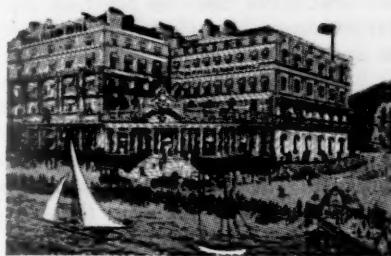
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to make a market and unload and let the public carry the baby. The *Economist* remarks that "the prospectus contains sufficient condemnation in its statements and its omissions to make any further warning to investors unnecessary." I could not say more, however severe I might be.

The Canadian Pacific has taken a most extraordinary course in announcing its new method of raising capital. It tells us through Reuter that it will form a trust with 55 million dollars capital. It will issue 6 per cent. short-dated notes expiring 1924 at £80 to present shareholders, one for each five C.P.R. shares held. If any company other than the C.P.R. were to borrow money upon such terms the City would say that a receivership was imminent. It seems to me that Canada has lost her head. The only explanation is that the C.P.R. and the Bank of Montreal, having underwritten a huge block of the Dominion Loan, and having found that they were stuck with the lot, have rushed this ill-digested scheme through to raise money. It is the worst possible kind of finance. Imagine a great company borrowing at 10 per cent. in 10-year notes! It is almost incredible. I am afraid things in Canada are in a very bad way. The Canadian Northern is always pressed for money, but no one thought that the great C.P.R. would ever come to issue notes at 10 per cent.

MONEY remains hard. I see no chance of cheaper rates. It is easy to talk of a great money Trust as some people do, but this is nonsense. Money is dear because the whole Continent is hard up; because the United States has to find nearly 600 millions next year, and because every country is gasping for cash. Some months ago I thought that we might get cheap money in January. Now I begin to think that five per cent. will be easily obtainable for many weeks to come. The position in India is not good. China needs a new loan; Japan must have money or default. All the Balkan States are in the same plight. Brazil, the Argentine and Chile are short of cash, and indeed the whole world cries aloud for gold. I fear we can hope for no immediate reduction in the Bank rates.

FOREIGNERS.—The ministerial defeat in France may have serious effects upon world politics, but the immediate influence has not been bad. Caillaux apparently proposes to shelve the National Loan and allow the banks to bring out all their long postponed pending loans. Patriotism is to take a back seat. We can now see that the financiers were behind the victors. After all it is sound business to get rid of the unmarketable bills, and France is quite rich enough to still have plenty of money for her National Loan—if it ever appears. What all Paris asks is, Does Caillaux intend to bring about a *rapprochement* with Germany? This again would have an immense influence upon Continental finance. The Russian Loan should be the first to make its appearance. By the way, the Anglo-Russian Trust has issued a diary for 1914 which gives many interesting details of use to the Russian investor. It is a valuable little book. Tintos are steady, but the American copper figures are bad—quite as bad as we expected. Clearly the game is up, and copper will once again droop.

HOME RAILS.—The carry over showed a rather larger "bull" account. The public is buying. But it does not pay. This is not surprising, as the end of the half year is so near and most people prefer to contango their purchases. At present prices and with the certainty of good dividends all the Heavy stocks are cheap. If we are to get Nationalisation—and mad as the scheme sounds, I believe we shall get it if the present Government remains in office—then it will be the duty of every railway board to stretch a point and pay a big dividend. For the price to be paid will be calculated upon the dividends paid in the last three

years before purchase. There has been a little run on Great Northern Deferred. All the deferred stocks look cheap, and as they are less awkward to handle they are the favourite of the small punter. But there are largish "bull" accounts open, and if I know anything of the tactics of the Stock Exchange the "bulls" will be made to pay—as they always are.

YANKEES.—The American market remains quite uninteresting. No one dreams of speculating at the present moment. But the Wall Street bankers hold the market quite firm and talk of having squared Wilson. Steels have been bought in consequence, and the latest tale is that the Government suit against this company will be settled out of court. The Steel Trust is not a monopoly like Standard Oil or Sugar Trust, Tobacco Trust, or even Eastmans Kodak, and perhaps the Attorney-General thinks he can find easier prey. But dissolution or no dissolution, the steel trade in the U.S. is bad and next year will show largely reduced profits. New York Central, which in the old Vanderbilt days was a model and most prosperous road, is now quite out of fashion. Once it was the only road with a depot in New York city. To-day the Pennsylvania station is probably the most magnificent railroad building in the world. The president has resigned and the latest news is that New York Central has come to loggerheads with the Government. The stock is weak and looks like going weaker.

RUBBER.—A good many small companies have issued their reports, but they are not of much public interest. The market remains dull and no one cares very much whether rubber goes up a penny or falls twopence. The Mincing Lane crowd keep on telling everybody that all is well, and no one believes them. I confess that such optimism appears mere foolishness. Prices are much too high all round and they must come down to a reasonable level. It is quite ridiculous to pay 14s. for Linggi and £5 for Malaccas. The intrinsic value of the latter share I should place at 20s. at the very outside. We shall be extremely lucky if we can hold the price of plantation at 2s. throughout 1914. But even if we do nine-tenths of the leading companies would not be able to earn 5 per cent. on the present market value—a ridiculous yield for such a risky business as rubber planting.

OIL.—Royal Dutch prospectus issued by Rothschilds was the event of the past week and the shares were largely over-subscribed. The board consider that the dividend for 1913 will be as good as 1912. The Mexican Eagle report shows progress, but again the ordinary shareholders go dividendless. The Oil Trust fiasco has caused some talk. It is a hopeless enterprise and I have again and again advised my readers to get out of their shares. The Tulsa, another concern that I have adversely criticised, appears to have done moderately well, for not only is a dividend paid, but ample sums are written off.

MINES.—At the end of every year the mining magnates make a point of marking up prices all round. They do this in order that their balance sheets may look good. It is an excellent opportunity to unload shares that are undesirable. But on the whole I think Kaffirs are right at the bottom. I see no great fall in any share in this market. Mines are dead out of fashion. Everybody who has put any money into mines has lost it, and we must wait for a new generation whose faith in mining magnates is as yet unspoilt. The *Statist* is trying to work up an excitement in Jungle shares. Those who hold should disregard the benevolent intentions of this amiable paper and sell quickly.

INDUSTRIALS.—The National Steam Car dividend was disappointing, and the shares were sold. But I think that 1914 will show better results. The Khedivial Mail has once again paid a dividend on its ordinary. They are

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cheap. The figures in the report are distinctly good. Argyll's report is better, but still not good enough. India Rubber, Gutta Percha and Telegraph has not quite recovered its position. Evidently the buyers made a big blunder when they went "bulls" of rubber!

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"FAIR TRADE" AND IMPERIAL FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I am extremely obliged to Mr. Allen for his effort to elucidate the "Fair Trade" gospel on my behalf. Unfortunately, however, he has so far failed as to leave it still a question in my mind whether or not his explanation did really clarify the situation. For what after all does it avail to argue and protest without advancing sound reasons why and how such propagandism as he champions would prove effective and beneficial? To be sure, Mr. Allen might retort in kind, and in fact has done so already. But we differ in this: he evinces neither hope nor confidence, and leads but a mere skeleton army of dejected spirits like his own; while I have the fullest confidence in the cause I espouse. Yet we both believe in "Fair Trade" proper; we differ only in regard to *ways and means*. I admit that I have never read Mr. Ralston Boyd's treatise on the subject of "Fair Trade." It may be to my discredit, but if Mr. Allen's effort to explain the full purport of Mr. Boyd's "Gospel" is correct, then there can be little or nothing to be gained by a perusal of the original exposition. According to Mr. Allen's rendering, there is much confusion of thought on the part of author and of translator. For instance, both appear to be labouring under some illusion regarding *consumer* and *producer*. In one place we read that, under "Fair Trade," "the British market is kept up at great cost on behalf of the *consumers*," and that in order to offset this "cost," or to recoup some one or other, "it is just that the *consumers* should contribute to that cost"; while in almost the same breath the writer declares that "it would be impossible, or too costly, to collect the exact and proper contribution directly from the *consumers*, and that therefore such a tax is to be levied directly on the *producers*, who are to be expected to pass it on to the consumers in prices charged!" Moreover, Mr. Allen goes on to explain that under "Fair Trade" all consumers, whether native or foreign, "or whether Britons at home and from beyond the Seas, or foreigners from whatsoever clime," would be and should be equal contributors to the cost of keeping up the British market! . . . The fact is, Mr. Allen is all wrong on his premises. The "British Market" is not kept up primarily on behalf of British Consumers. It is kept up in the common interests of producers and consumers; and that could never be "Fair Trade," which would exact the entire "cost" from consumers only. Moreover, I am surprised that Mr. Allen, who I am sure means no injustice, should commit himself to so egregious a blunder. To be sure, we all know where his sympathies lie, and that they are all with the producers. And so are mine, chiefly. But we must be just as well as practical; and it would neither be just nor practical to inflict the entire cost of "maintaining the British Market" on the consumers only; since producers and consumers alike share in its benefits, or should do so on equitable terms. As it is, under "Free Trade," a distinct injustice is done to the producers. Nor would

what Mr. Allen defines as "Fair Trade" be a whit less unjust; even though its immediate effects might be almost as advantageous to the English agricultural producers as Free Trade, in its beginnings and for some time after, was to the shipping trade and to consumers.

As I understand Fair Trade, and advocate it, it would be fair and just alike to producers and consumers; to Britons at home and to Britons beyond the Seas; since the only *direct* tax that I advocate is a tax upon strictly foreign wares and products.

Foreigners have no other interest in the maintenance of the "British Market" than commercial interests; and for such privileges as it affords them they should be willing to pay in just proportion. But the trouble with Mr. Allen consists in his strictly partial and limited views regarding English agricultural interests. He will not and cannot see that any immediate or ultimate good can result from aught but a tariff on all outside breadstuffs, whether British or foreign. I admire his candour and courage, but I cannot admire his reasoning, or subscribe to his view-point. And yet I am *not*, I assure him, a "politician"; even though I do not confess a deep interest in a political question which so gravely concerns the British Empire as does this of Imperial Union, yet Mr. Allen accuses me of "begging the question" when I criticise his "Little Englander" opinions. If it is "begging the question," to urge that an Imperial Zollverein, or Imperial Free Trade, would, in spite of all *seeming* obstacles, redound to the benefit of English agriculturists, as well as to the interests of the free British Commonwealths, by virtue of its far-reaching consequences, then I submit to his impeachment. But blind, indeed, must be that man who fails to apprehend that the interests of a single class can never long avail against the common interests, or that the common interests and prosperity of a land should prevail. Again and again I have pointed out and emphasised the fact that to convince the British public mind that Imperial Free Trade could not enhance the cost of the British loaf a single farthing is of the first importance; and that in order to destroy the Free Trade monster, and to bring about a *measure* of Fair Trade it is imperative that we should thus convince the English public mind. For this is practical politics, and none other is feasible. It is, moreover, *honest*, even though Mr. Allen does not believe it! First we must dispel illusions; then we can proceed on broader and safer lines. And why Mr. Allen should display so much aversion to *Imperial* Free Trade, which is such a distinct advance upon present Free Trade *conditions*, is a marvel in my eyes. Of course, I append his view-point, but it is unworthy of one otherwise so intelligent.

I trust he may yet evince a wider aspect. Faithfully yours,

EDWIN RIDLEY.

New York.

THE WORKS OF STRAUSS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Charles Dowdeswell, in a recent letter to the Press, remarked that many of us, including himself, have not yet succeeded in thoroughly understanding all Richard Strauss's works, but that it has now gradually become clear to most of us that the author of "Heldenleben," "Don Juan," "Tod und Verklärung," and "Rosenkavalier" is beyond question the greatest living composer, and that "no musician who ever lived is his superior—no, not one"! Then, according to this dogmatic correspondent, though he does not thoroughly understand his hero, all the most illustrious composers of the past, such as Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann,

Wagner, and Brahms have to take a back seat in presence of Richard Strauss! When next Mr. Charles Dowdeswell essays to write a letter to the Press, I would advise him to choose a subject with which he is a little more conversant than he appears to be with music. Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead.
London, N.W.

AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I wonder whether you know of anyone among your subscribers who would be kind enough to send on to me their ACADEMY when finished with it each week.

I expect this is a rather extraordinary request, but when one wants a paper very badly and can't afford it this is what is attempted! Yours truly

(Miss) LILIAN PRESTON.
Exwell Park, Waku, C.P., South Africa.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

- A Motor Tour Through Canada.* By Thomas W. Wilby. (John Lane. 5s. net.)
- Little Games for Travellers.* By Lady Bell. (A. L. Humphreys. 1s. net.)
- From the Porch.* By Lady Ritchie. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)
- Folk of the Furrow.* By Christopher Holdenby. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)
- Studies in Modernism.* By Rev. Alfred Fawkes. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- The Snakes of Europe.* Illustrated. By G. A. Boulenger. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)
- My Bohemian Days in Paris.* Illustrated. By Julius M. Price. (T. Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.)
- Four Dramatic Studies.* By W. Fothergill Robinson. (B. H. Blackwell. 1s. net.)
- Melton and Homespun: Nature and Sport in Prose and Verse.* By J. M. M. B. Durham and R. J. Richardson. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
- The Alternatives to Civil War.* By Frederick S. Oliver. (John Murray. 6d. net.)
- The Growth of a Soul.* By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. (Wm. Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Amazing New York.* By Mary Macdonald Brown. (Andrew Melrose. 1s. net.)
- The Crescent Moon.* By Rabindranath Tagore. With Eight Illustrations in Colour. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)
- The Philosophy of Giambattista Vico.* By Benedetto Croce. Translated by R. G. Collingwood. (Howard Latimer. 10s. 6d. net.)
- Scientific Proofs of Another Life.* Compiled by Rose Levere, LL.B. (J. E. Evans-Jackson and Co. 5s. net.)
- Heart's-ease and Christmas Roses.* Translated from the German of Rudolph Baumbach by Jean E. Kennedy. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 6d. net.)
- Modern Parliamentary Eloquence.* By Earl Curzon of Kedleston. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Shakespeare, the Man and his Work.* By Morton Luce. (J. W. Arrowsmith. 3s. 6d. net.)

- The Land and the People.* (John Murray. 1s. net.)
- Vices in Virtues, and Other Vagaries.* (Longmans, Green and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- Problems of Empire, the Faith of a Federalist.* By Viscount Hythe, D.C.L. (Longmans, Green and Co. 5s. net.)

FICTION.

The Romance of Tristan and Iseult. Drawn from the best French Sources and Re-told by J. Bédier. Rendered into English by H. Belloc. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Quest of the Dream. By Edna Kingsley Wallace. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s.)

Great Days. By Frank Harris. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Business of Life. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. (Appleton and Co. 6s.)

The Road to the Open. By Arthur Schnitzler. (Howard Latimer. 6s.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

The History of England from the Accession of James the Second. By Lord Macaulay. Edited by Charles Harding Firth, M.A. Vol. I. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Life of Thomas Bowman Stephenson, B.A., LL.D., D.D. By William Bradfield. (C. H. Kelly. 5s. net.)

A Czarewitch of the Eighteenth Century, and Other Studies in Russian History. By the Vicomte E.-M. de Vogüé. Translated from the French by C. Mary Anderson. (A. L. Humphreys. 7s. 6d. net.)

Macdonald of the Isles, a Romance of the Past and Present. By A. M. W. Stirling. Illustrated. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

The Greatest House at Chelsey. By Randall Davies. Illustrated. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

Reminiscent Gossip of Men and Matters. By James Baker, F.R.G.S. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

Notes on Politics and History. By Viscount Morley, O.M. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Bar, Bat, and Bit: Recollections and Experiences. By the Hon. Sir Edward Chandos Leigh, K.C.B., K.C. Edited by F. Robert Bush, M.A. (John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

THEOLOGY.

The Mending of Life. By Richard Rolle of Hampole. Edited in Modern English with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Dundas Harford, M.A. (H. R. Allen. 1s. 6d. net.)

Buddhist Scriptures. By E. J. Thomas, M.A. (John Murray. 2s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

- Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin; Fortnightly Review; Cambridge University Reporter; Cornhill; Books of Today, Christmas No.; Ulula; Journal of Philology; Bookseller; Literary Digest; Bookfellow; Poetry Review; Nineteenth Century and After; Bookseller, Christmas No.; Publishers' Circular; Cambridge Magazine; La Société Nouvelle; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue; Educational Times; Windsor Magazine, Christmas No.; Hindustan Review; Scribner's Magazine, Christmas No.; Harper's Magazine, Christmas No.; British Review; University Correspondent; Publishers' Circular, Christmas No.; Antiquary; Empire Review; La Revue; Deutsche Rundschau; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; Mercure de France; Book Monthly.*